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THE
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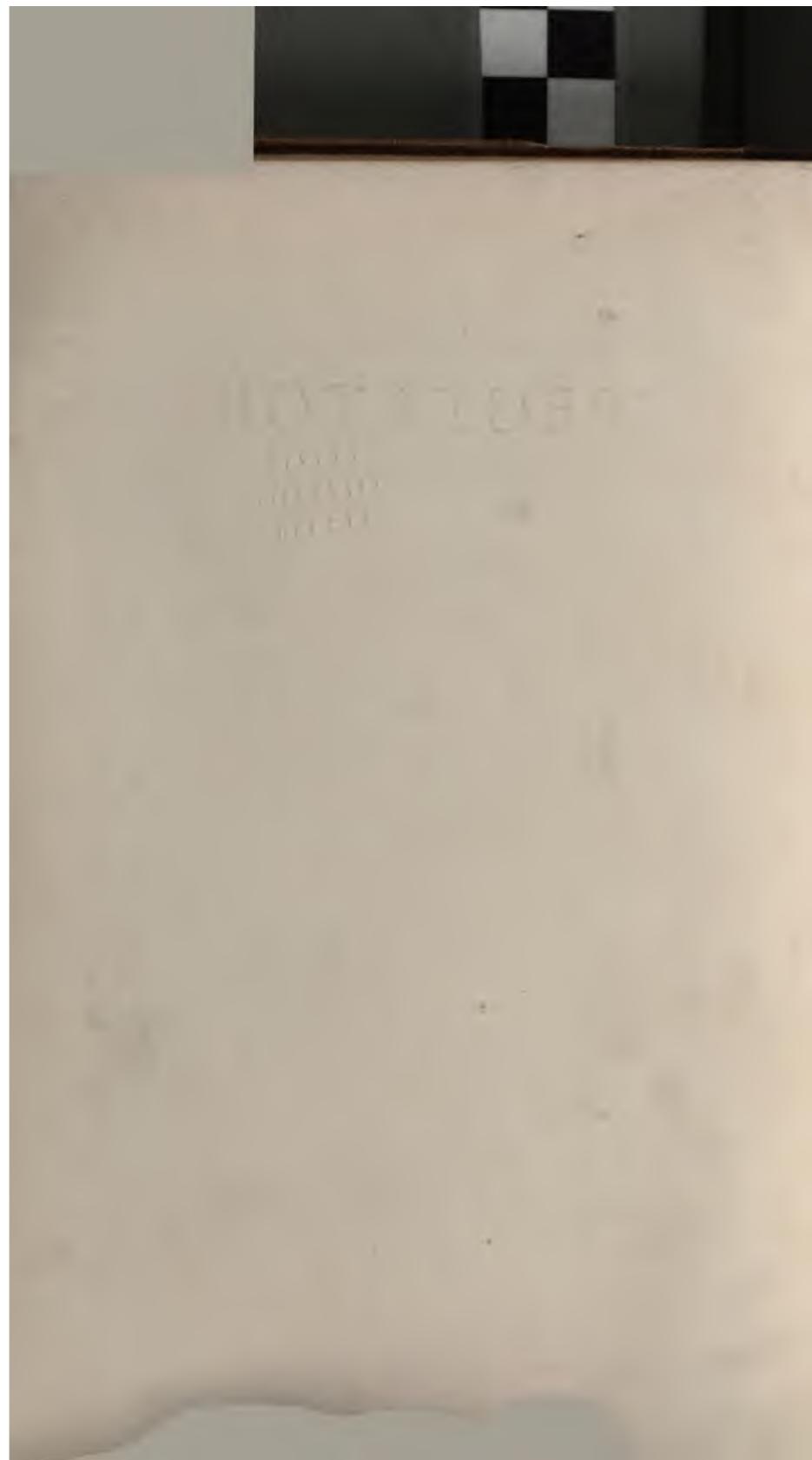


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THE
SPECTATOR

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

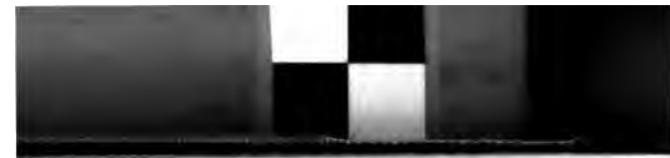
GEORGE A. AITKEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE," ETC.

*WITH EIGHT ORIGINAL PORTRAITS
AND EIGHT VIGNETTES*

IN EIGHT VOLUMES
VOLUME THE FIRST

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P R E F A C E

THE present edition of the Spectator has been printed from a copy of the original collected and revised edition published in 1712-15, with the exception that modern rules of spelling have been followed. The principal variations between the text as corrected by the authors and the original version in the folio numbers have at the same time been indicated in the notes; it has not been thought necessary to point out slight differences of no importance.

In the notes I have aimed at the greatest conciseness compatible with the satisfactory explanation of the less obvious allusions to literary or social matters. The first attempt to annotate the Tatler and Spectator was made by Bishop Percy, Dr. Calder, John Nichols and others, with the result that an elaborate edition of the Tatler, in six volumes, was published in 1786, and a much less fully annotated edition of the Spectator, in eight volumes, in 1789. This edition was reissued in 1797; and the editions subsequently brought

out by Bisset, Chalmers, Lynam, Ferguson, and others contained little or no fresh information, while the errors in the text grew in number. Bishop Hurd's notes, in his edition of Addison's works, are of little use, since he concerned himself chiefly in pointing out inaccuracies in the author's grammar. I have acknowledged my principal obligations to more recent editors, but in some cases notes have been handed down from one editor to another, and cannot be traced to their original author. Many of the older notes, moreover, were obsolete, or needed correction in the light of subsequent knowledge. I have endeavoured to preserve what is of value, without burdening the pages with the contradictions and inaccuracies which are inevitable in a 'variorum' edition. Among works of general reference I have found the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham's 'London Past and Present' of the greatest service.

G. A. A.

July 1897.



INTRODUCTION

N any account of the *Spectator*, something must be said of the periodicals that preceded it; but what is more essential to a right understanding of the book is some knowledge of the earlier history of Addison and of Steele. A brief sketch of the life of these friends will therefore be the best framework for other matters that call for notice.

Richard Steele, son of a solicitor in Dublin, was born in March 1672; Joseph Addison, who was about seven weeks younger, was the son of Lancelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield. Steele's father died when he was about five, and he has left us in the *Tatler* (No. 181) a touching account of the grief of his mother, 'a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit.' She does not appear to have lived very long afterwards, but Steele was fortunate in finding a kind guardian in his uncle, Henry Gascoigne, private secretary to the Duke of Ormond. Through Gascoigne's influence he was sent to the Charterhouse, where he was admitted in November 1684; and in 1686, with Addison's arrival at the school, began the friendship which was to have such important results. Steele never forgot the kindness

with which he was welcomed at Addison's home; the dean, he says, loved him as one of his own family; 'his method was to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour to be kind to each other. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal in that family.'

Addison was sent to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1687; it was not until 1689 that Steele was elected to the University, when he was entered at Christ Church. In 1691 he was made a postmaster of Merton College; Addison had in the meantime gained a demyship at Magdalen, and in due course took his degree and obtained a fellowship. Steele took no degree, but enlisted, in 1694, as a private soldier in the Duke of Ormond's regiment of Guards, and 'planted himself behind King William the Third against Lewis the Fourteenth.' The dedication to Lord Cutts of a patriotic poem, 'The Procession,' published on the death of Queen Mary in 1695, brought to Steele an ensign's commission in Lord Cutts's regiment of Coldstream Guards, and he soon became secretary to that nobleman. By 1700 he was Captain Steele, and was in friendly intercourse with the wits at Will's Coffee-House. In that year, too, he fought a duel, and formed that dislike of the practice which afterwards so often found expression in his writings. Steele was now stationed at the Tower, and there he composed, for his own use, a little book called 'The Christian Hero,' designed 'to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures.'



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This secret admonition being too weak, he published the book, which was described as 'an argument, proving that no principles but those of religion are sufficient to make a great man.' Such a work, from one in his position, naturally brought ridicule upon him; and in order to 'enliven his character' he produced a comedy called 'The Funeral,' which, thanks to the support of his comrades, was a great success. The play contained much satire upon undertakers and lawyers, and in the purity of its tone it showed clearly the effect of Jeremy Collier's recent attack on the immorality of the stage. Steele's hopes from William III. were dissipated by the king's death, but he became captain in the regiment of foot raised by Lord Lucas in 1702. Next year he wrote a very serious comedy, 'The Lying Lover,' which, he says, was 'damned for its piety.'

Addison and Steele were again together in London in 1704. Addison had spent the preceding ten years very differently from his friend. In 1694 he had attracted notice by an 'Account of the Greatest English Poets,' and Dryden spoke of him as 'the ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford.' The friendship of Charles Montague and Lord Somers, to both of whom he dedicated poems, gained for him a pension of £300 a year, to enable him to travel abroad. Leaving England in 1699, Addison spent some months at Blois, studying French, and from thence proceeded to Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany. The pension, however, had not been paid after the first year, and Addison was disappointed in his hope of obtaining a diplomatic appointment.

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He returned to England in the autumn of 1703, and, after long waiting, his opportunity came with a request from the Government for a poem in celebration of the battle of Blenheim. The success of this piece, 'The Campaign,' brought for him an under-secretaryship in 1706, and before then, of course, he had renewed or gained many friendships. Steele had introduced him to that brilliant gathering of wits and noblemen, the Kit-Cat Club; and Jonathan Swift, who had printed in 1704 the 'Tale of the Tub' and the 'Battle of the Books,' was in frequent intercourse with Addison.

Steele's third play, 'The Tender Husband,' was acted in April 1705, and besides the prologue, Addison contributed to the comedy 'many applauded strokes.' Steele dedicated the piece to his friend, though he knew that Addison would 'be surprised, in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication;' but his purpose was 'to show the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life.' The play furnished useful hints to both Goldsmith and Sheridan; it would be pleasanter to modern readers if the scenes relating to the trial of his wife by Clerimont, senior, the 'tender husband,' were omitted.

Immediately after the production of his play Steele married a widow from Barbados, Margaret Stretch, who brought him an estate in that island; but she died at the close of 1706. In April or May 1707, Steele, who had already been made gentleman-



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waiter to Prince George of Denmark, was appointed *Gazetteer*, with a salary of £300, less a tax of £45 a year; and in the summer he was courting a Welsh lady, Mary Scurlock, whom he married in September. This is the 'Dear Prue,' who has been immortalised by the charming letters and notes which Steele constantly sent to her, letters which were intended for her eye only, but which she carefully preserved, and so placed it in the power of the antiquary Nichols to print. The fierce light thus thrown on the intimate correspondence of husband and wife has emphasised, to an undue extent, the weakness of Steele's impulsive nature; but it has proved also how real was his affection for his wife and children, though his reckless habits caused many anxieties, and sometimes not unnatural reproaches. It is only fair to add that Lady Steele, 'a cried-up beauty,' was something of a prude, and was herself sometimes inclined to extravagance. What we know of her suggests that there might have been difficulties even with a husband much more prudent than Steele. As it was, Steele retained to the end 'the tenderest love' for his 'dear and honoured wife.'

Addison had in the meantime been increasing his reputation in public life. He was elected member of parliament for Lostwithiel in 1708, and when that election was set aside he became member for Malmesbury, a seat which he kept throughout his life without contest. He wrote pamphlets on behalf of the Government, and in December 1708 his services were rewarded by the appointment of secretary to Lord Wharton, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, together

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with the post of keeper for life of the records in the Birmingham Tower, Dublin. Steele hoped to receive the under-secretaryship vacated by Addison, but was disappointed. In April 1709, at the christening of his eldest daughter, the godfathers were Edward Wortley Montague and Addison; and a week later the *Tatler* was commenced.

Little need be said of the various periodicals that preceded the *Tatler*, for none of them had much influence upon that paper, and only one of them is of importance in itself.¹ The early seventeenth-century news-sheets led to the issue of the official *London Gazette* (1666), and to daily newspapers, of which the *Daily Courant* (1702) was the first. Controversial periodicals like John Tutchin's *Observator* and Charles Leslie's *Rehearsal* were really series of political pamphlets. John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury*, which was begun in 1690, contained questions to the editor on every variety of subject, with suitable answers; it was, in fact, the forerunner of our *Notes and Queries*. The *British Apollo*, which appeared between February 1708 and May 1711, was conducted on similar lines, but there was a larger element of verse and other occasional contributions. The second title of this paper was 'Curious Amusements for the Ingenious. To which are added the most Material Occurrences, Foreign and Domestic. Performed by a

¹ In speaking of this matter, and elsewhere in this Introduction, I have occasionally repeated a sentence from the 'Life of Richard Steele,' published in 1889, where I dealt fully with the whole subject.



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Society of Gentlemen.' There had also been several monthly papers of poems and other miscellaneous matter. The *Gentleman's Journal* of 1692-4 was succeeded by Oldmixon's *Muses' Mercury; or, the Monthly Miscellany*, in 1707, a periodical which contained also notices of new plays and books, and numbered among its contributors 'Captain Steel.'

More important than all these, however, in the history of the periodical press is Defoe's *Review*. The full title of the first number was, 'A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France. Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of News-Writers and Petty-Statesmen, of all Sides.' Defoe says that his object was to set the affairs of Europe in a clearer light; to form a complete history of France; and to pursue Truth, regardless of party. And then he proceeds: 'After our serious matters are over, we shall at the end of every paper present you with a little diversion, as anything occurs to make the world merry; and whether friend or foe, one party or another, if anything happens so scandalous as to require an open reproof, the world will meet with it there.' Accordingly, of the eight pages in the first number, one and a half pages consist of 'Mercure Scandale; or, Advice from the Scandalous Club, Translated out of French.' The censure was to be of the actions of men, not of parties; and the design was to expose not persons but things. The expression 'Translated out of French' was not repeated; and in the eighteenth number the 'Mercure Scandale' was dropped, and there was left simply 'Advice from the Scandalous Club.' But

the title was still criticised, and in the forty-sixth number Defoe changed it to 'Advice from the Scandal Club,' maintaining the sign of contraction after 'Scandal' to show that he himself regarded it only as an abbreviation. After the fourth number the paper was reduced to four pages, with smaller type; with the ninth number it began to appear twice a week instead of once only, and eventually it was published three times a week—on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. A monthly supplement of twenty-eight pages was commenced in September, with the title, 'A Supplementary Journal, to the Advice from the Scandal Club; for the month of September 1704. To be continued monthly.' Its object was to entice readers to the more solid portion of the *Review* by an entertainment at the end, 'upon the immediate subject then on the tongues of the town'; but in May 1705 Defoe said that pressure on his space prevented him finding room in future for the Scandal Club; their 'Advice' would, however, be published separately.

On March 2, 1710, Defoe remarked, 'When first this paper appeared in the World, I erected a Court of Justice, for the censuring and exposing Vice . . . but tired with the mass of filth, the stench of which was hardly to be endured, I laid aside the Herculean labour for a while, and am glad to see the Society honoured by the succession (in those just endeavours) of the Venerable Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.;' but having by long experience found that reformation is a work of time, he proposed a scheme for 'a Faculty Office or a Licence Book for the modern crimes of the



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Town, upon a price to be paid during the term of their usage among us, so long as, and no longer, than till the laudable endeavour and just authority of Esq. Bickerstaff, aforesaid, has effectually suppressed them.¹

The name of Isaac Bickerstaff, it may at once be said, was borrowed by Steele from a pamphlet by Swift. The wits had amused themselves in 1708 by an attack on John Partridge, compiler of an astrological almanac called *Merlinus Liberatus*. On the appearance of this almanac for 1708, Swift published 'Predictions for the year 1708, wherein the month and day of the month are set down, the persons named, and the great actions and events of next year particularly related, as they will come to pass. Written to prevent the people of England from being further imposed on by vulgar almanack-makers. By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.' Isaac Bickerstaff professed to be a true astrologer, disgusted at the lies told by impostors. He was willing to be hooted at as a cheat if his prophecies were not exactly fulfilled. 'My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it, to show how ignorant these sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge the almanack-maker; I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.' On the 30th of March a second pamphlet was published, 'The

¹ *Review*, vol. vi. No. 141.

accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions . . . in a letter to a Person of Quality,' in which a detailed account is given of Partridge's death, at five minutes after seven, 'by which it is clear that Mr. Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. . . . Whether he had been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed.' Other pamphlets followed, and then Partridge published his almanac for 1709, and protested that he was still living. But the author of 'A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' replied that he could prove Partridge was not alive; for no one living could write such rubbish as the new almanac. In the *Tatler*, Steele afterwards wrote that Swift had made Mr. Bickerstaff's name famous through all parts of Europe. Steele himself summed up the controversy when he said that 'if a man's art is gone, the man is gone, though his body still appear.'

The first number of the *Tatler* was published on April 12, 1709, and the paper appeared three times a week. The first four numbers, each consisting of a single folio leaf, were issued gratuitously; afterwards the price was one penny. The nature of the topic discussed was shown by the name of the place from which the article was supposed to have come. 'All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Coffee-House; Poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-House; Learning, under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from Saint James's Coffee-House; and what else I have



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to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.”¹ The earlier numbers contained short papers from all or several of these addresses; but as the periodical progressed it became more and more usual to confine a number to one subject; and the article of news gradually disappeared entirely. No doubt Steele thought that his position of *Gazetteer* would enable him to give fresh information, which, he says, brought in a multitude of readers; but as the *Tatler* grew, the support of the paragraphs of news was felt to be unnecessary.

The motto of the first forty numbers was ‘*Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli*’; but Nos. 41 and 42 had for their motto, ‘*Celebrare domestica facta*.’ Bickerstaff’s chief scenes of action, as Addison said, were the coffee-houses and theatres, rather than camps and battle-fields. ‘I shall still be safe as long as there are men or women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or courtiers in being.’ In the *Tatler* there is nothing approaching to the machinery of the club which plays so important a part in the *Spectator*, but besides Isaac Bickerstaff we meet with other members of his family, especially his half-sister, Jenny Distaff, and her husband, and his three nephews. In the last number Steele wrote: ‘It has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life.’ Use, too, is made of a familiar named Pacolet. Quite late in the periodical there is a description of some of the members of Isaac Bickerstaff’s club, the Trumpet, in Shire Lane: Sir Geoffrey Notch, a

¹ No. 1.

gentleman of an ancient family, who had wasted his estate in his youth, and called every thriving man a pitiful upstart; Major Matchlock, Dick Reptile, and the Bencher who was always telling stories of Jack Ogle, with whom he pretended to have been intimate in his youth.

‘The general purpose of this paper,’ said Steele, ‘is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.’ And in another place he says: ‘As for my labours, which he is pleased to inquire after, if they but wear one impertinence out of human life, destroy a single vice, or give a morning’s cheerfulness to an honest mind; in short, if the world can be but one virtue the better, or in any degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest addition to their innocent diversions; I shall not think my pains, or indeed my life, to have been spent in vain.’¹ At the close, speaking in his own name, Steele wrote: ‘The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable.’²

Of the 271 numbers of the *Tatler* Steele wrote about 188 and Addison 42, while they were jointly

¹ No. 89.

² No. 271.



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responsible for 36. Addison was not consulted when the paper was started, and did not at first know who was the author of it. His contributions were neither numerous nor important until after eighty numbers had appeared. The papers by Swift and others were so few that they need not be noticed here; yet Steele, with a generous impulsiveness which has given rise to much unfair depreciation of his work, said that the most approved pieces in the *Tatler* were written by others, especially by one 'who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them.' In the preface to the collected edition he wrote of Addison: 'I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he had lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him.' And after Addison's death, in a preface to his friend's play, 'The Drummer,' Steele spoke again to the same effect of the *Tatler*. 'That paper was advanced indeed! for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it! For the elegance, purity, and correctness which appeared in his writings were not so much my purpose, as (in

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any intelligible manner, as I could) to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct anything that was truly good and great.' It is such generous statements as these that furnished Macaulay with the excuse for saying that almost everything good in the *Tatler* was Addison's, any five of whose papers were of more value than all the two hundred in which he did not take part.

Though Addison's work is more finished than Steele's, the initiative usually came from Steele, who was fully entitled to say, 'I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means.'¹ This is not the place to dwell upon the merits of the *Tatler*; but any one who reads the *Spectator* with pleasure will do well to turn to the earlier periodical. There he will find most of the features of the *Spectator* anticipated, and though there are fewer elaborate moral or critical discourses, there is a certain freshness and absence of study that fully makes up for their absence. There is the same kindly satire on follies of the day; the same denunciation of duelling, brutal sports, swindlers, and the like.

Steele's comments on gambling in the *Tatler* were so severe that they brought upon him the anger of many of the sharers. There is a well-known story that Lord Forbes, Major-General Davenport, and Brigadier Bisset were in the St. James's Coffee-House when some well-dressed men

¹ *Spectator*, No. 532.



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entered, and began to abuse Steele as the author of the *Tatler*. One of them swore that he would cut Steele's throat or teach him better manners. 'In this country,' said Lord Forbes, 'you will find it easier to cut a purse than to cut a throat'; and the cut-throats were soon turned out of the house with every mark of disgrace. A similar incident is described in a recently-published letter from Lady Marow to her daughter, Lady Kaye.¹ Writing on January 5, 1709-10, Lady Marow says: 'All the town are full of the *Tatler*, which I hope you have to prepare you for discourse, for no visit is made that I hear of but Mr. Bickerstaff is mentioned, and I am told he has done so much good that the sharpers cannot increase their stocks as they did formerly; for one Young came into the Chocolate House, and said he would stop Mr. Bickerstaff if he knew him. Mr. Steele, who is thought to write the *Tatler*, heard Young say so, and, when he went out of the house, said he should walk in St. James's Park an hour, if any would speak with him; but the Hector took no notice.'

The *Tatler*, like the *Spectator*, contains many friendly notices of the stage; and there are the same short stories of domestic life, in which Steele excelled. There is, too, the same respect for women; with, in fact, a tone perhaps more remarkable than that of the *Spectator*, where Addison adopted a certain patronising air in dealing with the foibles of his lady readers. It was in the *Tatler* that

¹ 'Manuscripts of the Earl of Dartmouth,' iii. 148 (Hist. MSS. Comm., Fifteenth Report, Part I., 1896).

Steele wrote, 'As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman.' And in this same paper¹ he made his memorable remark of Lady Elizabeth Hastings: 'Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education.' 'Wife,' he says, 'is the most amiable term in human life.'² But the graces of a woman's mind must be cultivated, as well as those of the body; 'a woman must think well to look well.'³

No one has given a better account of the work accomplished by Addison and Steele than the poet John Gay, in a pamphlet called 'The Present State of Wit' (1711). Speaking of the discontinuance of the *Tatler*, Gay says: 'His disappearing seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity: every one wanted so agreeable an amusement; and the coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together. It must, indeed, be confessed that never man threw up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer; his reputation was at a greater height than, I believe, ever any living author's was before him. . . . There is this noble difference between him and all the rest of our polite and gallant authors: the latter have endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and

¹ No. 49.

² No. 33.

³ No. 212.



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false notions of things. It would have been a jest some time since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth. Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the age, either in morality, criticism, or good breeding, he has boldly assured them that they were altogether in the wrong, and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for virtue and good sense.

‘It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning. He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change; accordingly, there is not a lady at court, nor a banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily

persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England.

‘Lastly, his writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and though we cannot yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.’

The numbers of the *Tatler* were regularly reprinted in Dublin and Edinburgh as soon as they reached those cities; and the arrival of the paper was looked forward to with great eagerness in many country towns. At Spalding a barrister named Maurice Johnson founded, by the encouragement of Addison and his friends, a ‘Gentleman’s Society’; but the movement had its beginning in the arrival of the *Tatler*. The numbers ‘were taken in by a gentleman, who communicated them to his acquaintances at the coffee-house then in the Abbey Yard; and these papers being universally approved as both instructive and entertaining, they ordered them to be sent down thither, with the *Gazettes* and *Votes*, for which they paid out of charity to the person who kept the coffee-house, and they were accordingly had and read there every post day, generally aloud to the company, who would sit and talk over the subject afterwards. This insensibly drew the men of sense and letters into a sociable way of conversing, and continued the next year, 1710, until the publication of these papers desisted, which was in December, to their great regret.’



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The year 1710 witnessed the fall of the Whigs, and in October Steele lost his post of *Gazetteer*. There was a growing estrangement with Swift, who was now writing in the Tory *Examiner*, a paper that was answered by Addison's short-lived *Whig Examiner*; but Harley did not wish to make an enemy of Steele, and after an interview with that statesman, Steele brought the *Tatler* to a sudden close (January 2, 1711), without consulting even Addison. It was commonly supposed that the paper was discontinued for want of matter, until the speedy appearance of the *Spectator* proved this not to be the case. As Steele himself said, he had touched upon state matters, and was not so cool as to conceal his opinion. Gay was probably not far wrong in surmising that the paper was discontinued 'as a sort of submission to, or composition with, the Government for some past offences.'

Several spurious continuations of the *Tatler* were commenced, one of them by a young poet, William Harrison, with Swift's patronage and aid; but their opportunity was short, for on the 1st of March 1711 the first number of the *Spectator* appeared. The new paper was published daily, and it was continued until the 6th of December 1712, when the original series ended with No. 555; the paper was revived for a time by Addison in 1714, but in that continuation Steele seems to have taken no part. The *Spectator* was printed by Samuel Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, in the form of a single folio sheet; and there was a notice that advertisements would be taken in by Buckley, or by Charles

Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, Strand, or (towards the end) by Jacob Tonson.

The first number of the new paper was by Addison, and consisted of an autobiography of the *Spectator* himself, a man who frequented all places of general resort in town, though he seldom opened his lips. He was resolved to be neutral in politics, unless forced to declare himself by the hostilities of either side. The plan of the undertaking was laid at a club; and in the second number, which was written by Steele, we have the first sketches of the members: the immortal baronet, Sir Roger de Coverley; the Templar; Sir Andrew Freeport, the merchant; Captain Sentry; the elderly beau, Will Honeycomb, who ultimately marries a farmer's daughter; and the anonymous Clergyman. It is a remarkable testimony to the skill with which these characters are sketched that, with the exception of Sir Roger, and, to a less extent, Will Honeycomb, we are told comparatively little about them in later numbers; yet they all stand out clearly before us. Sir Roger's character, indeed, is the most confused, owing to the fact that it was dealt with, apparently without much consultation, by several writers. The Sir Roger drawn by Addison is not always consistent with Steele's original sketch, and Tickell introduced a jarring note incompatible with Addison's charming work. Budgell's contributions to the story are in harmony with Addison, who hardly alludes to the Perverse Widow; and other touches of Steele's. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's writings, says that 'the plan of the *Spectator*, as far as regards



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the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele.' 'As for the distinct papers,' he adds, 'they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors.'

Foolish attempts have been made, as explained in the notes, to identify the various members of the club with real persons, in spite of Tickell's opinion that all the characters were feigned, and the express declaration in No. 262 that everything had been rejected that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons. 'When I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expense of any private man.'

When Addison said, in one of the hymns which he printed in the *Spectator*,

'Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store,'

he certainly had Steele in his mind. In the last number of their joint work, Steele once more gave all the praise to Addison. 'I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing.

I remember when I finished the "Tender Husband," I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of "The Monument," in memory of our friendship.' No more lasting monument could have been found than the *Spectator*. Of the 555 numbers of the original series, Addison wrote 274, and Steele 236, leaving only 45 for occasional contributors.

Addison was certainly at his best in the *Spectator*. He rendered a great service in his series of papers on Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' a poem then little known; and he was still more in advance of his time in praising 'Chevy Chase' and the 'Children in the Wood.' But his apology, based on classical comparisons, is now out of date, and the modern reader finds less pleasure in these essays, or in those on the 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' or on 'True and False Wit,' than in the short stories or the papers on social matters which form the bulk of the work. It is difficult to select from such a wealth of matter, but every reader will remember with pleasure Steele's stories of Inkle and Yarico,¹ and of Brunetta and Phillis;² Addison's story of Eudoxus and Leontine,³ and the Vision of Mirzah;⁴ Steele's account of the death of Estcourt⁵ and of Stephen Clay;⁶ Addison's account of the Indian kings in London;⁷ Steele's criticism of immorality on the stage, in articles on plays by Etherege

¹ No. 11.

² No. 80.

³ No. 123.

⁴ No. 159.

⁵ No. 468.

⁶ No. 133.

⁷ No. 50.

and Beaumont and Fletcher;¹ and his essays on youth and age;² on parents and children;³ on servants;⁴ on short-faced and ordinary people;⁵ on envy, affectation, and other faults;⁶ and on Rafaelle's cartoons.⁷ There are many papers in praise of marriage, in opposition to the cynical tone of the day; 'I have long entertained an ambition,' said Steele, 'to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature.'⁸ 'There is nothing of so great importance to us,' Addison wrote,⁹ 'as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity.'

Women occupy a large share of attention in the *Spectator*, and both Addison and Steele constantly aimed at increasing their interest in serious matters, and securing their aid in the refining and civilising of society. 'There are none,' said Addison,¹⁰ 'to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species.' Of course there were many women of a more elevated life and conversation; and

¹ Nos. 65, 270.

² No. 153.

³ No. 192.

⁴ Nos. 88, 96, 107.

⁵ Nos. 4, 17.

⁶ Nos. 19, 38, 82, 438.

⁷ No. 226.

⁸ No. 490.

⁹ No. 261.

¹⁰ No. 10.

Addison's hope was to increase their number. Swift found the tone of the paper too feminine for his taste; 'I will not meddle with the *Spectator*', he wrote to Esther Johnson, 'let him fair sex it to the world's end;' but Swift was not a representative reader, and the popularity of the paper was certainly not confined to the ladies. 'I am glad to find,' said Hughes in No. 525, 'that my discourses on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors' Commons, that more licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty fellows who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity. One of them writes me word that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may show his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness who puts herself into his power for life.' Women prefer reason and sense, says one of Steele's imaginary correspondents,¹ but they will not give up the conversation of 'a woman's man' until men of sense think fit to give them their company. 'We are made for the cements of society, and come into the world to create relations amongst mankind, and solitude is an unnatural being to us.'

A 'fine gentleman,' as commonly understood, had often nothing to be proud of except his clothes: 'When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed

¹ No. 158.



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himself clean to no purpose; the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.'¹ The true art of female education is, 'to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.'² Steele did not forget to denounce flogging in schools: 'A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge.'³

'I shall be ambitious to have it said of me,' wrote Addison, 'that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at the tea-tables and in coffee-houses.'⁴ That philosophy is best shown in the humorous papers in which he ridiculed the foibles of the time. 'If I have any other merit in me,' he says,⁵ 'besides endeavouring to advance truth and virtue, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd; or at best, have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision. In short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shown how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and pro-

¹ No. 75.

² No. 66.

³ No. 157.

⁴ No. 10.

No. 445.

faneness.' Pains were taken that nothing could be interpreted as aimed at private persons; and it was to the credit of the readers of the *Spectator* that the demand for the paper increased month by month in spite of the absence of scandal or party strokes.¹ The Saturday papers were usually of a serious cast, suitable as a preparation for Sunday; it was this series of Saturday essays, some of which contained excellent hymns by Addison, that led to his being called 'a parson in a tye-wig.' Addison divided his readers into the mercurial and the saturnine,² and his aim was to find entertainment for both classes, and also to cause the sprightly reader to find himself sometimes engaged unawares in serious thought; and the thoughtful man to be insensibly betrayed into mirth. 'I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it.' Yet Addison's disposition was essentially cheerful, and he often wrote against the Puritan view that mirth and pleasantry are the marks of a carnal mind. Those who represent religion as an unsociable state, without joy and gladness, are its greatest enemies.³

In any comparison of the contributions of Addison and Steele to the periodicals which they brought out, it must be remembered that, especially in the case of the *Tatler*, it was Steele who was responsible for the regular issue of the paper. It was he who had to find matter if other writers failed; and the inevitable result was that much of his work was

¹ No. 262.

² No. 179.

³ No. 494.



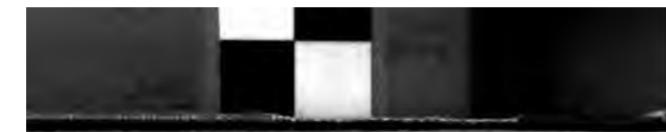
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hastily written, the result of the passing impression of the moment. Addison, on the other hand, prepared his contributions at his leisure, with opportunities to study the style and to make use of the results of his reading and travel, or, in some cases, of manuscripts that he had probably prepared long before for other purposes. Sometimes, however, this elaboration and perfection of workmanship is less attractive than the spontaneity of Steele's contributions, which came straight from his heart.

The great work of Addison and Steele was to form public opinion on matters respecting which it can hardly be said to have existed before, and to cause their readers, at a critical time in our history, to consider moral and social questions from a higher standpoint than had been their wont. The press, so far as it can be said to have existed before the appearance of the *Review*, the *Tatler*, and the *Spectator*, had merely echoed the views of the uninformed crowd, or of the members of a clique, without attempting to instruct. The success of the *Spectator* was decided and immediate. Swift acknowledged that the papers were 'very pretty'; Defoe said: 'There is not a man in this nation that pays a greater veneration to the writings of the inimitable Spectator than the author of the *Review*; and that not only for his learning and wit, but especially for his applying that learning and wit to the true ends for which they are given, viz. the establishing virtue in, and the shaming vice out of the world.'¹ Gay, in the tract already referred to, has given the follow-

¹ *The Review*, vol. viii. No. 82.



ing admirable sketch of the effect produced by the new periodical.

‘ You may remember I told you before, that one cause assigned for the laying down of the *Tatler* was want of matter ; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in town, when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the *Spectator*, which was promised to be continued every day, and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of wit and humour that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other hands but those which had penned the *Lucubrations*. This immediately alarmed those gentlemen who (as it is said Mr. Steele phrases it) had *the censorship in commission*. They found the new *Spectator* come on like a torrent, and swept away all before him ; they despaired ever to equal him in wit, humour, or learning (which had been their true and certain way of opposing him), and, therefore, rather chose to fall on the author, and to call out for help to all good Christians, by assuring them again and again that they were the first, original, true, and undisputed Isaac Bickerstaff.

‘ Meanwhile the *Spectator*, whom we regard as our shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one’s hand, and a constant topic for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present *Spectators* ; but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can



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only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of wit and learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone the Squire's first *Tatlers*. Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a Society; I, withall, assign the first place to Mr. Steele and his Friend.

'I have often thought that the conjunction of those two great geniuses (who seem to stand in a class by themselves, so high above all our other wits) resembles that of two famous statesmen¹ in a late reign, whose characters are very well expressed in their two mottoes, viz. *Prodesse quam conspicere*, and *Otium cum dignitate*. Accordingly the first was continually at work behind the curtain; drew up and prepared all these schemes and designs which the latter still drove on; and stood out exposed to the world, to receive its praises or censures.

'Meantime, all our unbiassed well-wishers to learning are in hopes that the known temper and prudence of one of these gentlemen will hinder the other from ever lashing out into party, and rendering that wit, which is at present a common good, odious and ungrateful to the better part of the nation. If this piece of imprudence does not spoil so excellent a paper, I propose to myself the highest satisfaction in reading it with you over a dish of tea, every morning next winter.'

Addison was fully aware of the danger feared by Gay. 'As I am very sensible,' he says,² 'my paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the

¹ Lord Somers and the Earl of Halifax.

² No. 16.

outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of everything which looks that way. If I can any way arrange private inflammations, or allay public ferment, I shall apply myself to it with the utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done anything towards increasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.' And again,¹ 'Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subject of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion.'

The arrival of the *Spectator* was awaited in all parts of the country with even greater eagerness than the *Tatler*, and much regret was expressed when the discontinuance of the paper was announced, after the disposal of the various members of the imaginary club. In the tenth number Addison said that 3000 copies a day were already distributed, and he reckoned that each copy found twenty readers. The sale increased month by month, until August 1712, when a halfpenny stamp was imposed upon all newspapers and periodicals, with disastrous results to many of them. Swift wrote to Esther Johnson, 'Do you know that all Grub Street is dead and gone last week? . . . The *Observator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price: I know not how long it will last.' Though the tax was only a halfpenny,

¹ No. 262.



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the price of the *Spectator*, as Swift says, was raised from one penny to twopence, though not without protest from some of its readers.¹ The sale was reduced by more than half.² Addison said that a little self-denial would enable subscribers to pay the extra halfpenny, or they could buy the paper when reprinted in volumes. The octavo edition of the first four volumes consisted of nine or ten thousand copies, some of which were printed on large and thick paper, at a guinea a volume; and there was also a pocket edition, which no doubt had a wide sale. The stamp-tax brought in over £20 a week from the folio issue of the *Spectator*, representing a daily sale, from August to December 1712, of more than 1600 copies a day. The sale before August must therefore have been nearly 4000.

With few exceptions, the authorship of the individual papers in the *Spectator* is placed beyond doubt by the initials appended by the several writers. Steele tells us³ that Addison's papers are marked by one of the letters in the name of the Muse Clio. Budgell used the letter X; Steele marked his papers R, up to No. 91; with T, and sometimes R, up to No. 134; and after that always with T. Sometimes, however, Tickell also used the letter T. Later theories that Addison signed C when writing at Chelsea, L when in London, I when in Ireland, and O when at the office, and that Steele used T instead of R when he had merely transcribed a paper received from another writer, are groundless, and inconsistent with the facts. Addison himself laughed

¹ No. 488.

² No. 555.

³ No. 555.



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at the ingenious efforts to assign meanings to the initials affixed to the papers.¹

We do not know why the *Spectator* was brought to a close in December 1712; but in the preceding month Steele told Pope of a design—the *Guardian*—to be opened a month or two hence, and requested his assistance. About the same time Addison and Steele assigned to Samuel Buckley, for the sum of £575, a half-share in the four volumes of the *Spectator* already published, and in the three which were yet to come; it was intended to continue the paper until the end of November. On the 7th of March 1713, George Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, but then a young man newly arrived from Dublin, told Sir John Perceval that he would soon hear of Steele under the character of the *Guardian*, which would be published daily; and the first number of that paper appeared accordingly on March 12. The *Guardian* extended to one hundred and seventy-five numbers, nearly half of them being by Steele; Addison wrote frequently after the paper had been well established, and among others who helped were Pope, Berkeley, Tickell, Budgell, and Hughes. The essays are on the same lines as those in the *Spectator*, but the machinery, consisting chiefly of Mr. Nestor Ironside (the *Guardian*) and the Lizard family, is not so happy as that in the earlier periodical; and unfortunately, before many weeks had passed, Steele was drawn into a political controversy with the *Examiner*, greatly to the detriment of the paper. By June he had

¹ No. 221.

decided to enter Parliament, and with that object he resigned his commissionership of stamp duties and his pension as gentleman-waiter to the late Prince George. In August he was elected M.P. for Stockbridge, and embarked in a war of pamphlets respecting the failure to demolish Dunkirk, which had been provided for by the Treaty of Utrecht. In October the *Guardian* was brought to a sudden end, and its place was taken by the *Englishman*, a paper professedly political. Addison said that he was 'in a thousand troubles for poor Dick,' but knew that his friend was determined to go on. Addison had himself brought out in the spring, with great success, his tragedy of 'Cato'; he now declined to join in a new periodical proposed by Hughes on the ground that he required rest to lay in fuel.

After the publication of Swift's bitter 'The Importance of the *Guardian* Considered,' and of Steele's 'Crisis,' Steele was expelled by a Tory House of Commons in March 1714. He had in the preceding month commenced a paper called the *Lover*, a rather feeble imitation of the *Tatler*. The *Lover* reached to forty numbers, including one by Addison, and it then gave place to the *Reader*, of which nine numbers appeared, two of them being by Addison. On the 18th of June Addison began a new series of the *Spectator*, without Steele's assistance. This issue, which was published three times weekly until December, afterwards formed the eighth volume of the collected edition. The closing numbers of the original series had left the way open for a continuation, by the promise of a new club,

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in which the *Spectator*'s mouth would be opened. But of this opportunity Addison made little use. The chief aim of his papers, he said, would be to inspire mutual good-will and benevolence; 'it is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men.'¹ The absence of Steele's hand is very marked; the number of moral and philosophical discourses is much greater than in the original series; and there are comparatively few of the lighter papers on social questions of the day.

The death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I. brought the Whigs again into office. Addison was at once appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices, and soon afterwards Chief Secretary to Lord Sunderland, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Steele was made Supervisor of the Theatre, with other honours. Of his writings in the autumn of 1714, his 'Apology for Himself and his Writings' is his best political pamphlet; while the compilation called 'The Ladies' Library' was the indirect result of papers on the subject in the *Spectator*. Early in 1715, Steele received a patent appointing him manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and became M.P. for Boroughbridge; in April he was knighted. It is unnecessary here to follow his changing fortunes; his monetary difficulties; his visits to Scotland as Commissioner of Forfeited Estates, and his hopes from various inventions. Addison in the meantime became one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, and brought out the *Freeholder*, a peri-

¹ No. 556.



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odical of a political complexion, but now known only by the character of a Tory fox-hunter which it contains. In August 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, and in the following year became fellow Secretary of State with Sunderland.

Sadly enough, a coolness sprang up between Addison and his old friend Steele, and in the controversy over the Peerage Bill of 1719 they took opposite sides. Addison's health had for some time been failing, and no opportunity for reconciliation occurred before his death in June 1719. Steele had acted in opposition to his party because he believed—and rightly—that they were in the wrong; and he was punished for his independence by the loss of his patent. His grievances formed a principal topic of a new periodical, the *Theatre*, and about the same time he published pamphlets on the South-Sea Scheme. One real success remained for him—the production of his best play, 'The Conscious Lovers,' in November 1722. After that there is little but a story of failing health, troubled by litigation and schemes for the settlement of debts, and brightened only by his charming letters to his children. His closing years were spent in retirement in Carmarthenshire. After a stroke of paralysis he never entirely recovered his mental powers, and he died in September 1729. The last glimpse we have of him comes from the actor Benjamin Victor, who had sought from him an introduction to Walpole: 'I was told he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last, and would often be carried out on a summer's evening,

when the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer.' Before the end came, Steele's debts—never so heavy as might at first appear—had all been paid.

The influence of the *Spectator* and the other periodicals published by Addison and Steele upon journalism, both at home and abroad, was immediate and widespread. Many now forgotten papers were brought out in London, including Sir Richard Blackmore's *Lay Monk*, 1713-14, and a continuation of the *Spectator* by William Bond in 1715. But more important than any of these were the periodicals published on the Continent. The first in order of date was *Le Misanthrope*, by Justus van Effen, a member of the Royal Society of London, which was commenced in May 1711 and continued until December 1712. In the Notice to the Reader prefixed to the collected edition published at the Hague in 1712-13, Effen referred to one of the finest geniuses of the time who started two years before in England the *Tatler*, with which all the world was charmed. There was hardly a family in London, he said, where the *Tatler* was not taken in regularly, to read in the morning while drinking tea, for the instruction both of young and old: and he was assured that from twelve to fifteen thousand copies were sold every time. The *Spectator*, published daily, was meeting with equal success. Effen was one of the translators of 'Robinson



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Crusoe' in 1720, and he afterwards wrote *Le Nouveau Spectateur Français*, the *Hollansche Spectator*, and other periodicals. The *Spectator* was translated into French in 1715-18, and was a favourite book with Rousseau in his youth. A French imitation, *Le Spectateur français, ou le Socrate moderne*, appeared in 1719-21, and it was followed by *Le Spectateur inconnu*, 1724; *Le Babillard, ou le Nouvelliste Philosophe*, 1724-5, &c.

In Germany the effect was still more marked. *Der Vernünftler* was published at Hamburg in 1713, and *Der Spectateur oder Betrachtung über die verdorbenen Sitten* at Nuremberg in 1719. In 1721 Bodmer and Breitinger began, at Zurich, the *Discourse der Maler*, afterwards republished as *Die Maler der Sitten*. In October 1721 the authors sent a long letter to Steele, and they dedicated to him the second volume of their work.¹ In 1725 Gottsched, the leader of the opposite school of German writers, brought out another paper, *Die vernünftigen Tadlerinnen*. Other periodicals were *Der Leipziger Spectateur*, 1723; *Der freimütige Tadler*, 1725; and *Der getreue Hofmeister*, 1725. It is unnecessary to follow the movement further, or to mention similar papers published in other countries. By 1750 the number of such papers in England had reached 94, and in Germany about 150.²

¹ *Der Spectator als Quelle der 'Discourse der Maler'*, by Dr. Theodor Vetter, 1887.

² 'Selections from the Works of Sir Richard Steele,' by Prof. G. R. Carpenter, Boston, U.S.A., 1897, pp. lv.-lx., and the authorities there quoted; Aitken's 'Life of Richard Steele,' ii. 424-8.

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In America the influence of the *Spectator* seems to have appeared first in the *New England Courant*, after the publication of that periodical was undertaken by Benjamin Franklin in 1723.

A word must be said, in conclusion, of the minor contributors to the *Spectator*. In No. 555, after thanking Addison and Budgell, Steele said that he had received some assistance from unknown hands; but those to whom he could trace such favours were 'Mr. Henry Martyn, Mr. Pope, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Carey of New College in Oxford, Mr. Tickell of Queen's in the same University, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Eusden of Trinity in Cambridge.' Dr. Drake, in his 'Essays Illustrative of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*,' drew up a table of contributors, given below,¹ which appears to be substantially

¹ Contributors to the *Spectator* :—

Contributors.	Entire Papers.	Letters and Parts of Papers.	Contributors.	Entire Papers.	Letters and Parts of Papers.
Addison	274	...	Philips, Ambrose	2
Steele	240	...	Eusden	2
Budgell	37	...	Henley, John	2
Hughes	11	13	Shepherd, Miss	2
Grove	4	...	Perry, Mrs.	1
Pope	2	1	Heywood	1
Parnell	2	...	Watts	1
Pearce	2	...	Weaver	1
Martyn	2	...	Parker	1
Byrom	2	...	Golding	1
Swift	1	1	Harper	1
Brome	1	...	Motteux	1
Francham	1	...	Budgell, Gilbert	1
Dunlop	1	...	Bland	1
Hardwicke	1	...	Ince
Fleetwood	1	...	Carey
Tickell	1	2	Anonymous	53	...

correct ; it will be seen that Steele's list is far from complete, while, on the other hand, it has not been found possible to identify any of the papers by William Carey. Most of the names can be dealt with sufficiently in notes to the several papers ; but Hughes, Budgell, and Tickell, who were among Addison's most intimate friends, deserve some special notice.

John Hughes, born in 1677 at Marlborough, was educated at a dissenting academy in Little Britain, where Isaac Watts was a fellow-scholar. He obtained a place in the Ordnance Office, and published several historical works and a translation of Fontenelle's 'Dialogues of the Dead.' In 1712 his English opera of 'Calypso and Telemachus' was produced at the Haymarket, and in 1715 he published an edition of Spenser. Lord Chancellor Cowper gave him a post in the Court of Chancery in 1717 ; and in 1720 he brought out, with great success, his tragedy of 'The Siege of Damascus.' On the night of its production Hughes died of consumption, after a long illness. Steele published a eulogy upon him in the fifteenth number of the *Theatre*. Pope, who agreed with Swift that Hughes was a mediocrity, said that 'what he wanted in genius he made up as an honest man.' His papers in the *Spectator*, especially the letters attributed to him, largely relate to women ; but he wrote also upon the stage, and contributed papers on critical, moral, and religious subjects.

Eustace Budgell, born in 1686, was the son of Gilbert Budgell, D.D., of Exeter, by his first wife

Mary, daughter of Bishop Gulston, whose sister was Addison's mother. He was called to the bar; but when his cousin Addison became secretary to Wharton, the Lord-Lieutenant, Budgell was appointed a clerk in his office. He lived much with Addison, and wrote many papers for the *Spectator* in imitation of his patron's style; in fact, some said that Addison revised his articles. In 1714 Budgell published a translation of 'Theophrastus,' and next year was made, by Addison's influence, Under-Secretary at Dublin, and Chief Secretary to the Lords Justices. In 1717 he became Accountant-General, after losing his other post through a quarrel with the secretary to Lord Sunderland, the new Lord-Lieutenant. Budgell lost much money at the time of the South-Sea Bubble, and further sums in litigation, with the result that his mind became affected. Of his later writings mention need be made only of the 'Memoirs of the Life and Character of the late Earl of Orrery and the Family of the Boyles,' 1732, and a weekly periodical called the *Bee* (1733-35). In the end he drowned himself in the Thames, leaving a paper on his desk:—

‘What Cato did and Addison approved
Cannot be wrong.’

Thomas Tickell, son of a Cumberland clergyman, was born in 1686, and entered Queen's College, Oxford, in 1701. He made Addison's acquaintance by a copy of verses in praise of the opera of 'Rosamond,' and he afterwards contributed to the *Spectator*; little of his work, however, can be iden-

tified. In No. 523 Addison praised his poem on 'The Prospect of Peace,' though it was opposed to his own political views. In later numbers (Nos. 523, 620) two poems by Tickell were printed, one 'To the supposed Author of the *Spectator*,' the other, 'The Royal Progress,' in honour of George I. When Addison was appointed Secretary in Ireland he took Tickell with him; and on Addison becoming Secretary of State in 1717, Tickell became Under-Secretary. His best poem was written in memory of his patron, whose works he edited in 1721. Tickell became Secretary to the Lords Justices in 1725, and soon afterwards married. He died at Bath in 1740. The story of the quarrel of Pope and Addison, arising out of the publication, in 1715, of the first book of a rival translation of the 'Iliad' by Tickell, is well known. It was Pope who described Addison 'giving his little senate laws'; in that senate at Button's Coffee-House Tickell was a conspicuous member.





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD SOMERS,
BARON OF EVESHAM.¹

My Lord,

LSHOULD not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be the proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending what-

¹ John Somers, born in 1652 at Worcester, where his father was an attorney, was junior counsel for the Seven Bishops who were tried in 1688. He took an active part in the expulsion of the Stuarts, and drew up the Declaration of Right at the Revolution. William III. made him Solicitor-General, and in 1692 he was knighted and became Attorney-General. Next year he was appointed Lord Keeper, and in 1697 was raised to the peerage and made Lord Chancellor. Political opponents in the House of Commons succeeded in depriving him of his office in 1700, but

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soever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions, you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit, in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the

they failed when they brought an impeachment against him in the House of Lords in 1701. Quitting public life, Somers returned to the study of his books, and became President of the Royal Society. From 1708 to 1710 he again held office as President of the Council during the Whig administration, but his health was bad, and he lived in retirement until his death from apoplexy in 1716. As early as 1695 Addison, then aged twenty-three, had dedicated to Somers, after the capture of Namur, lines in honour of William III., and Somers procured for the young man a pension which enabled him to travel, and recommended him to Lord Halifax. Addison's 'Remarks on Italy,' 1705, were dedicated to Lord Somers, and upon that nobleman's death Addison published, in No. 39 of the *Freeholder*, an admirable eulogy on the friend and patron who 'made it his endeavour rather to do worthy actions, than to gain an illustrious character.'



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present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition, but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to you in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the civil power, in the late and present reign, has been indebted to your counsels and wisdom.

But to enumerate the great advantages which the public has received from your administration, would be a more proper work for an history, than for an address of this nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your private life, as in the most important offices which you have borne. I would therefore rather choose to speak of the pleasure you afford all who are ad-

mitted into your conversation, of your elegant taste in all the polite parts of learning, of your great humanity and complacency of manners, and of the surprising influence which is peculiar to you in making every one who converses with your Lordship prefer you to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other character of distinction.

*I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
Most devoted, bumble servant,*

THE SPECTATOR.



THE S P E C T A T O R

V O L. I.

N^o. I. *Thursday, March 1, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

—HOR., Ars Poet. 143.



HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling,

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digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies,¹ was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs² a story in the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long

¹ 'Which I find by the writings of the family,' in the folio issue.

² 'Goes' (folio).



at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and, indeed, do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.¹

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though

¹ It is supposed that Addison here alludes to John Greaves (1602-1652), mathematician and Oriental scholar, who visited Egypt in 1638, and measured the Pyramids with mathematical instruments. In 1646 he published 'Pyramiographia; or, a Discourse of the Pyramids in Egypt.' Sixty years afterwards, in Addison's own day (1706), a posthumous pamphlet appeared with the title, 'The Origin and Antiquity of our English Weights and Measures discovered by their near agreement with such standards that are now found in one of the Egyptian Pyramids.'

there are not above half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's,¹ and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's,² and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*,³ overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-House,⁴ and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve.

¹ Will's Coffee-House stood at the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street, on the west side. It was named from its proprietor, William Urwin; and the room where the wits met was on the first floor, over a shop. 'The Wits' Coffee-House,' as it was called by Prior and others, was the resort of Dryden until his death in 1700; Addison made Button's, on the other side of the street, his headquarters. In the first number of the *Tatler*, Steele said that articles on poetry would be under the heading of 'Will's Coffee-House,' but in the same number he wrote, 'This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards.'

² Child's Coffee-House was in St. Paul's Churchyard, and was the resort of clergymen and doctors, owing to its nearness to St. Paul's, Doctors' Commons, the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, and the Royal Society at Gresham College.

³ The *Postman*, which John Dunton described as 'the best for everything,' was edited by Fontive, a French Protestant.

⁴ The St. James's Coffee-House was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James's Street. It was used by Whig politicians and officers of the Guards until late in the century, and Swift had letters addressed there at the date of the *Spectator*. This house, which was closed about 1806, was the origin of Goldsmith's 'Retaliation.' Swift and Steele were both present at the christening of a child of Elliot, the coffee-man, in 1710.



My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian,¹ the Cocoa-Tree,² and in the theatres, both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket.³ I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's.⁴ In short, wherever I see a cluster of people I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them, as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am re-

¹ The Grecian Coffee-House, in Devereux Court, Strand, was used for that purpose until 1843. Accounts of learning in the *Tatler* appeared under the title of 'Grecian,' and Steele said that the members inquired into antiquity, while the rest of the town discussed Marlborough's actions. This coffee-house was visited by Sir Isaac Newton and other members of the Royal Society, and afterwards by Goldsmith and his brother templars. The house was called Grecian because it was kept by Constantine, a Greek.

² The Cocoa-Tree, in Pall Mall, was the Tory chocolate-house. As Macky wrote in 1722, 'A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's.'

³ The Drury Lane Theatre of Addison's day was built by Wren, and had been opened in 1674. It was rebuilt in 1741. The Haymarket Theatre, built by Vanbrugh, was opened in 1706, and it soon became the headquarters of the new Italian Opera.

⁴ Jonathan's Coffee-House, in Change Alley, was, as the *Tatler* says, 'the general resort for stock-jobbers' (No. 38). Merchants of substance preferred Garraway's, also in Change Alley.

solved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of



my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is¹ the being talked to and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets, though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work. For, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the *Spectator*, at Mr. Buckley's² in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

¹ 'Pains I can suffer are' (folio).

² The original numbers of the *Spectator* were 'printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain.' In November 1712 Addison and Steele assigned to Buckley a half-share in the four volumes of the *Spectator* already published, and in their forthcoming volumes. Buckley paid them £575, and two years later reassigned his half-share to Jacob Tonson, jun., for £500. In 1714 Buckley published Steele's *Englishman*, and in 1724, when he was printer of the *London Gazette* and the *Daily Courant*, he was classed among the printers friendly to George I. Buckley died, much esteemed, in 1741, at the age of sixty-seven.

N^o. 2. *Friday, March 2, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Ast alii sex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore.

—Juv., Sat. vii. 167.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.¹ His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance² which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities

¹ Tyers, writing in 1783, said that it was understood that the original of Sir Roger de Coverley was Sir John Pakington, or Packington (1671-1727), a Tory not without sense, but abounding in absurdities. This tradition is certainly baseless. Tickell expressly said, in editing Addison's papers, that all the characters in the *Spectator* were feigned; and it is difficult to find any likeness between Sir Roger and Sir John Pakington, beyond the fact that both were baronets of Worcestershire. As I have pointed out in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Pakington married twice, while Sir Roger was a bachelor; in 1711, the date of these papers, Pakington was an energetic politician of the age of thirty-nine, whereas Sir Roger was fifty-five, had no enemies, and rarely visited London. Sir Roger was not given to lawsuits, though he sat on the bench at Assizes; but Pakington was a lawyer, and was made Recorder of Worcester in 1726. Sir Roger, unlike Pakington, was a much stronger Tory in the country than in town. Pakington opposed the Union with Scotland in 1706, and in 1715 was suspected of taking part in Jacobite intrigues; he was a typical high Tory and Churchman. Sir Roger's name is usually spelt 'Coverly' in the original edition.

² The dance is believed to have been named after a knight of the time of Richard I. Ashton ('Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,' ii. 268-9) quotes from a pamphlet of 1648 a reference to 'a tune called Roger of Caulverley.'



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proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square: ¹ it is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow ² of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester ³ and Sir George Etherege, ⁴ fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson ⁵ in a

¹ Soho Square was built in 1681, and among its fashionable inhabitants in Queen Anne's time were Lord Berkeley, Lord Carlisle, Lord George Howard, Sir Thomas Mansel, Lord Nottingham, Lord Leicester, the Bishop of Salisbury, and Sir Cloudeley Shovel. The *Spectator* gives other addresses for Sir Roger de Coverley in later Nos. (335, 410).

² Some have identified the widow with Mrs. Catherine Bovey, to whom the second volume of Steele's 'Ladies' Library' was dedicated in 1714. See No. 113.

³ John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1648-1680), author of a poem on 'Nothing,' and other verses, died, after a life of dissipation, at the age of thirty-one. Bishop Burnet wrote an account of his repentance.

⁴ Sir George Etherege (1635-1691), wit and dramatist, was a friend of Rochester's, and the two were obliged to abscond for a time after a fatal brawl with watchmen in 1676. Etherege wrote three amusing comedies, 'The Comical Revenge,' 1664; 'She would if she could,' 1667; and 'The Man of Mode; or, Sir Foppling Flutter,' 1676; but the indecency which he shared with other dramatists of the time exposed him to a severe attack by Steele in Nos. 51 and 65 of the *Spectator*.

⁵ Bully Dawson, a swaggering sharper of Whitefriars, is said by Oldys to have been sketched by Shadwell in the Captain Hackum of his comedy called 'The Squire of Alsatia.'

public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed: his tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a Quarter Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father than in pursuit of his own



inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus¹ are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke.² The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's until the play begins. He has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.³ It is for the good of the

¹ Longinus wrote a treatise 'On the Sublime,' which was much quoted by seventeenth-century critics.

² Lord Chief-Justice Coke wrote a commentary on Judge Littleton's treatise on Tenures, which is commonly known as 'Coke upon Littleton.'

³ The Rose Tavern, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, adjoined Drury Lane Theatre, and was partially demolished in 1776, when

audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and, as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting which would make no great figure were he not a rich man, he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favourite is 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that

a new front was built to the theatre for Garrick. This tavern is frequently mentioned in Restoration plays, and it was here that Prior and Montagu laid the opening scene of 'The Hind and the Panther Transversed.' Pepys speaks of slipping out from the theatre during the first performance of Sedley's 'Mulberry Garden,' to obtain some dinner at the Rose.

there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry,¹ a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that, in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even, regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; 'For,' says he, 'that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him.' Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a

¹ There is a tradition that Captain Sentry was drawn from Colonel Magnus Kempfelt, father of the admiral who was lost with the *Royal George* in 1782. Colonel Kempflet, a native of Sweden, was, towards the end of his life, Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey. He is mentioned in No. 544 of the *Spectator*.

figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb,¹ a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from

¹ Will Honeycomb has been identified, with but little reason, with William Cleland, Pope's friend, who died in 1741, aged about sixty-seven. Swift mentions a Colonel Cleland in a letter of 1714, but it is not known whether the two are identical.



which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world: as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth¹ danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, 'He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabell begot him, the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact

¹ The son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters.

good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

R.

N^o. 3. *Saturday, March 3, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Quo quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus ante morati:
Atque in quā ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.*

—LUCR. iv. 359.

IN one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank¹ is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular economy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard

¹ The Bank of England was founded in 1694.



concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful virgin seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the Magna Charta, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure as she looked upon them, but at the same time showed a very particular uneasiness if she saw anything approaching that might hurt them. She appeared, indeed, infinitely timorous in all her behaviour; and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she

was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour and startled at everything she heard. She was likewise, as I afterwards found, a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye she would fall away from the most florid complexion and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her: but this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the poets tell us a Lydian king¹ was formerly possessed of, and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness and confused hurry of

¹ King Midas.



thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half-a-dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen, even in a dream, before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth and a young man of about twenty-two years of age,¹ whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear that he saw a sponge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth in the 'Rehearsal,'² that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what then must have

¹ James Stuart, 'the elder Pretender,' born in June 1688, was, as Addison says, in his twenty-third year in March 1711. The Act of Settlement, passed at the Revolution, excluded the Stuarts from the throne.

² The 'Rehearsal,' a burlesque on the heroic dramas of the day, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was first acted in 1671. The poet Bayes (Dryden) introduces an eclipse, making 'the earth, sun, and moon come out upon the stage, and dance the "hey."' When they dance Bayes cries, 'Now the earth's before the moon; now the moon's before the sun; there's the eclipse again.'

been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

Et neque jam color est mixto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet.—*Ov. Met.*, Lib. iii. 491.

There was as great a change in the hill of money-bags and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus.¹ The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks,² bound up together in bundles, like Bath-faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished: in the room of the frightful spectres there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person, whom I had never seen,³ with the Genius of Great Britain. At their first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas;⁴ and for my own part I was

¹ *Odyssey*, x. 19.

² Exchequer tallies.

³ Probably the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

⁴ In 1695 Charles Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax), the



so transported with joy that I awaked, though, I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

C.

N^o. 4. *Monday, March 5, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Egregii mortalem, altique silenti!*
—HOR., 2 Sat. vi. 58.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand until they are set agoing by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, restored the silver currency to a just standard. The process of recoinage caused for a time a scarcity of coin and stoppage of trade. The paper of the Bank of England fell to 20 per cent. discount. Montague then collected and paid public debts from taxes imposed for the purpose, and invented, to relieve the want of currency, the issue of Exchequer bills. Public credit revived, the Bank capital increased, the currency sufficed, and, says Earl Russell in his ‘Essay on the English Government and Constitution,’ ‘from this time loans were made of a vast increasing amount with great facility, and generally at a low interest, by which the nation were enabled to resist their enemies. . . . In all French projects drawn up in imitation of England, one little element was omitted, *videlicet*, her free constitution’ (Morley).

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in anything but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way, and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune that to be out of harm's way I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, I am never less alone than when alone. As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come

thither, as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day,¹ without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, 'That strange fellow,' and another answer, 'I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.' There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no further trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by 'Mr. What-d'y-e-call-him.'

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can with the greater sagacity consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable that those who want any one sense possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing, and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and make shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force

¹ 'And I can' (folio).

towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts and languishing in jails without being prejudiced from their circumstances to their favour or disadvantage, but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance that the few who are intimate with me answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shaked my head at without my speaking.¹ Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself when, upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, 'I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect, but methinks that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent.' When I observed her a second time, he said, 'I grant her dress is very becoming, but perhaps the merit of that choice is owing to her mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress as a wit for that of his language, yet, if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress any more than I would call a plagiary an author.'

¹ John Dennis printed a letter to the *Spectator* at the end of his 'Essay on Shakespeare,' 1712, to show that those who think they know people's thoughts by their eyes are often mistaken. We really know very little of 'even those with whom we daily converse.'



When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner:—

‘Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin. Behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good nature, and affability are the graces that play in her countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious beauty adorned with conscious virtue! What a spirit is there in those eyes! What a bloom in that person! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language.’

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraiture of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life; I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such a habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my

speculations to their service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment is not to be debased but refined. A man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk.¹ In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies, but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villainy in

¹ In 1716 Steele started a paper called the *Tea-Table*, but only three numbers appeared, and no copies seem to have been preserved.

business. For this great and good end all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle, but a very busy spectator. R.

N^o. 5. *Tuesday, March 6, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Spectatum admissi risum 'teneatis?

—HOR., *Ars Poet.* 5.

AN opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense, however, requires that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed, to have seen Nicolini¹ exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of pasteboard? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained

¹ Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, a Neapolitan actor and singer, appeared first in the opera 'Pyrrhus and Demetrius' (1709), a translation by Owen M'Swiny from the Italian of Scarlatti. Nicolini's voice, at first a soprano, changed to a contralto. See Nos. 13, 405. In the *Tatler* (No. 115) Steele says that Nicolini 'sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice,' and Cibber thought that none of his successors equalled Nicolini, who, 'by pleasing the eye as well as the ear, filled us with a more various and rational delight.'

with painted dragons spitting wildfire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill and criticism would inform us that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece, and that scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said to the directors as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' says his friend, licking his lips; 'what, are they to be roasted?' 'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far that I immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived that the sparrows were to act the part of singing-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer inquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience that Sir Martin



Mar-all practised upon his mistress;¹ for, though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a consort of flageolets and bird-calls which was planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New River into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and waterworks. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed until the summer season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the meantime, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter season, the opera of 'Rinaldo'² is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fireworks; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and, indeed, without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of

¹ In the last act of Dryden's 'Sir Martin Mar-all' (1666), Sir Martin made his man Warner play and sing under Millicent's window, while he himself stood with a lute, on which he pretended to produce the music. Unfortunately, he continued to open his mouth and finger the lute for some time after Warner had finished the song, whereupon Millicent jestingly urged him to sing louder.

² Handel came to England from Hanover in 1710, and on February 24, 1711, his opera 'Rinaldo' was produced at the Haymarket Theatre. The opera was arranged by Aaron Hill, and the Italian words were by G. Rossi. The story of Rinaldo and Armida was taken from Jasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani¹ (as we learn from the persons represented), a Christian conjurer (*Mago Christiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poets after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è perduto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.* 'Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus.' He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer Hendel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used

¹ Signior Cassani came to London from Italy in February 1708, and first appeared in the part of Mitius in 'Camilla' (Burney's 'History of Music,' iv. 206).



by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau,¹ that one verse in Virgil is worth all the *cliquant*, or tinsel, of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows. There have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera that it is feared the house will never get rid of them, and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne, besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his cat, and that in order to it there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich,² the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of his stage might be as

¹ Satire ix.

² Christopher Rich, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, died in 1714.



much infested with mice as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him, for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper,¹ who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader that I hear there is a treaty on foot with London and Wise² (who will be appointed gardeners of the play-house) to furnish the opera of 'Rinaldo and Armida' with an orange grove, and that the next time it is acted the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

C.

N^o. 6. *Wednesday, March 7, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.*

—Juv., Sat. xiii. 54.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind,

¹ The Pied Piper of Hamelin, now best known through Browning's poem.

² Evelyn, writing in 1701, says that the nursery of Messrs. London and Wise, which exceeded one hundred acres in extent,



and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts: he lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of goodwill, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's Inn Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than

far surpassed all the others in England put together. George London was chief gardener to William and Mary, and afterwards to Queen Anne. In 1711 the nursery belonged to a man named Swinhoe, but the old name was retained. George London and Henry Wise published, in 1756, 'The Revis'd Gard'ner,' in two volumes, a translation from the French, with additions.

motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. 'Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is,' says Sir Roger, 'in my eye as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But,' continued he, 'for the loss of public and private virtue we are beholden to your men of parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down, therefore, for a rule, that the whole man is to move together, that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good, and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good breeding; without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking—he is not in his entire and proper motion.'

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intently upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. 'What I aim at,' says he, 'is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it, and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man. This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but



also at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says,¹ with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonour and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis,

¹ The following passages, which Steele seems to have quoted (not very accurately) from memory, are taken from the preface to Sir Richard Blackmore's epic, 'Prince Arthur,' 1695. Blackmore was a Whig physician, and had been knighted by William III. He was a man of religion, but no poet, and when he attacked the stage and the wits in his 'Satire against Wit,' 1700, and elsewhere, there were many, including Steele himself, who were ready to ridicule him. That Steele and Addison appreciated the real worth of Blackmore is evident, however, from the present paper, and from the praise of Blackmore's 'Creation' in No. 339.

and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.'

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happened at Athens during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the Commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in made signs to him



that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly, but when he came to the seats to which he was invited the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause, and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it." R.

N^o. 7. *Thursday, March 8, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?*

—HOR., 2 Ep. ii. 208.

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no

sooner sat down but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. 'Thursday?' says she; 'no, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas Day.¹ Tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way, at which she immediately startled and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank, and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an underpart at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow: 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.'² The reader may guess at the figure I

¹ The Feast of the Holy Innocents (Dec. 28).

² At the battle of Almanza (April 25, 1707) the English and



made after having done all this mischief. I despatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity, when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting¹ my knife and fork and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditional superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found by the lady's looks that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect; for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions and additional sorrows that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl

their allies, led by Lord Galway, were defeated by the French and Spaniards, under the Duke of Berwick, son of James II.

¹ 'Cleaning' (folio).

at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which¹ may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who² were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sibyls that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches, and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extra-

¹ 'That' (folio). See the Petition of Who and Which in No. 78.

² 'That' (folio).



gant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous

about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C.

N^o. 8. Friday, March 9, 1711
[ADDISON.]

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,
Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos—*

—VIRG., Æn. i. 415.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

‘To the Spectator, &c.

‘SIR,

I AM one of the directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of religion in Great Britain, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every market town in the whole island. I can tell you the progress that virtue has made in all our cities, boroughs, and corporations, and know as well the evil practices that are committed in Berwick or Exeter as what is done in my own family. In a word, sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.



‘I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets lewdness prevails, which gaming has taken the possession of, and where drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and alleys that are inhabited by common swearers. When I would encourage the hospital of Bridewell¹ and improve the hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female night-walkers.

‘After this short account of myself, I must let you know that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular assembly which, I think, falls very properly under your observation, especially since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the animadversions of our society. I mean, sir, the midnight mask, which has of late been very frequently held in one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assembly are masked, we dare not attack any of them in our way, lest we should send a woman of quality to Bridewell, or a peer of Great Britain to the

¹ A house of correction for ‘vagrants and strumpets.’ Foible, in Congreve’s ‘The Way of the World,’ says, ‘O madam, my lady’s gone for a constable,—I shall be had to a justice, and sent to Bridewell to beat hemp.’ Bridewell is the scene of the fourth plate in Hogarth’s ‘Harlot’s Progress.’

Counter; ¹ besides that, their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accompanied with all our guard of constables. Both these reasons, which secure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours, as both their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

'If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new society are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of cuckoldom. The women either come by themselves or are introduced by friends, who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of anybody that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the parties may retire, and, if they please, show their faces by consent. Whispers, squeezes, nods, and embraces are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly seems to terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am,

Your humble Servant,
And fellow-labourer,
T. B.'

Not long after the perusal of this letter I received another upon the same subject, which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

¹ The Compter, a prison at St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, was used for debtors and others. This prison was burnt down in 1676, but a new Compter was built in Mill Lane, Tooley Street.



‘SIR,

‘MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1711.

‘WHEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this, I must acquaint you that some time in February last I went to the Tuesday’s masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half-a-dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood of coquettes disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first quality, for she was very tall and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over, we ogled one another through our masks, and as I am very well read in Waller, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his poem to Vandyck:—

The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.

I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch I accidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I was so transported with the thought of such an amour, that I plied her from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage. My heart danced in raptures; but I had

not lived in this golden dream above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had continued true to my laundress. I have since heard, by a very great accident, that this fine lady does not live far from Covent Garden, and that I am not the first cully whom she has passed herself upon for a countess.

‘Thus, sir, you see how I have mistaken a cloud for a Juno; and if you can make any use of this adventure for the benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give you leave. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble admirer,

B. L.’

I design to visit the next masquerade myself in the same habit I wore at Grand Cairo;¹ and till then shall suspend my judgment of this midnight entertainment.

C.

N^o. 9. Saturday, March 10, 1711
[ADDISON.]

—*Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sœvis inter se convenit ursis.*

—Juv., Sat. xv. 163.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular,

¹ See No. 1.



though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market town, in which there was a club of fat men that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons.

In opposition to this society there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles, till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the Corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation, that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs, by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the

Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the Georges, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's Day, and swear before George, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call Street Clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent, and that the club, to prevent the like inconveniences for the future, had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Humdrum Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum Club, as I am informed, is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear



mentioning a very mischievous one that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second; I mean the Club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half-a-dozen in single combat, and as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table for such as had only drawn blood, and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-Cat¹ itself is said to have taken its original from a

¹ The Kit-Cat Club, founded about 1700 by Jacob Tonson, Dryden's bookseller, first met at a house in Shire Lane. Afterwards statesmen and persons of rank joined the wits, and meetings were held at the Upper Flask, Hampstead, or at Barn Elms, where Tonson had a villa. The portraits of the members, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were placed in a room built for the purpose at Barn Elms; they are now in the possession of Tonson's descendant, Mr. R. W. Baker, of Bayfordbury, Herts. In 1725 Vanbrugh wrote to Tonson of pleasant Kit-Cat days, and proposed a meeting of such members as were living, 'not as a club, but as old friends that have been of a club, and the best club that ever met.' Addison suggests that the name Kit-Cat was taken from that of a mutton-pie; others derive it from Christopher Katt, the pastry-cook who made those pies. Dr. William King ('Art of Cookery') says, 'Immortal made as Kit-Cat by his pies.' Ned Ward said the name came from a man named Christopher, who lived at the Cat and Fiddle;

mutton-pie. The Beef-Steak¹ and October clubs² are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and don't meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse: how I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night, and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

and Arbuthnot suggests that the title was derived from none of these,

‘But from this pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old cats and young kits.’

The custom of ‘toasting’ ladies was prevalent at the Kit-Cat Club, and some of the verses engraved on the glasses have been preserved. The portraits of the members of this brilliant Whig club were engraved by Faber in 1735.

¹ The original Beef-Steak Club, founded in Queen Anne's reign, had Richard Estcourt, the actor, for provitore. He wore round his neck, as badge, a small gridiron of gold. King wrote in 1709—

‘He that of honour, wit, and mirth partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beefsteaks.’

² The October Club consisted of above 150 High Tories, mostly country members of Parliament. They met first at the Bell, in King Street, Westminster, and there drank October ale.



*RULES to be observed in the Twopenny Club,
erected in this place, for the Preservation of
Friendship and Good Neighbourhood.*

- I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his twopence.
- II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.
- III. If any member absents himself he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
- IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.
- V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an halfpenny.
- VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.
- VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.
- VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.
- IX. If any member calls another cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.
- X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.
- XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended but by a brother member.
- XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them

as he would have been with the *leges convivales* of Ben Jonson,¹ the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius,² or the rules of a symposium in an ancient Greek author. C.

N^o. 10. *Monday, March 12, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lebūm
Remigii subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*
—VIRG., Georg. i. 201.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day, so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who, I hope, will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful, for which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my

¹ Twenty-four Latin sentences engraved over the chimney of Ben Jonson's club-room in the 'Apollo' or 'Old Devil' Tavern at Temple Bar. These club rules are described in the *Tatler* as 'in gold letters.' They are still preserved at Messrs. Childs' bank.

² Justus Lipsius's 'Opuscula, quae antiquitates Romanas spectant, selectissima,' were published in collected form in 1693.



readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets, and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter, and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes¹ that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses' serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where the *Spectator* appears the other public prints will vanish, but shall leave it to my reader's consideration whether, is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland, and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and

¹ 'Advancement of Learning,' Book ii., Introd., sec. 14 (Arnold).

prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies; I mean the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the affluence of their fortunes or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning, for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of



their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are women than as they are reasonable creatures, and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human

nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day. But to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This, I know, will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

C.

No. 11. *Tuesday, March 13, 1711*
[STEELE.]

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

—Juv., Sat. ii. 63.

A RIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed

with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blamable ; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a commonplace talker, who upon my entrance rose, and after a very slight civility sat down again ; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life, and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity till the larum ceased of itself, which it did not until he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian matron.¹

¹ According to Petronius Arbiter, this matron proposed to die in the vault in which her husband's remains were placed ; but she was persuaded to share the supper of a soldier who was watching the bodies of some men who had been hung, and the same night, in her husband's grave, she married her new friend.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex ; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner :—

‘Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you : but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, “We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions for one lion killed by a man.” You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education, and that an ability to dissemble our affections is a professed part of our breeding. These and such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian



lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbados, and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.¹

¹ Richard Ligon's 'A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbados' appeared in 1657, and there was a new edition in 1673. Yarico was an Indian slave woman of Ligon's, 'of excellent shape and colour,' who could not be induced to wear clothes.

'This Indian,' Ligon says, 'dwelling near the sea-coast, upon the main, an English ship put into a bay, and sent some of her men ashore to try what victuals or water they could find, for in some distress they were. But the Indians, perceiving them to go up so far into the country as they were sure they could not make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their return and fell upon them, chasing them into a wood, and being dispersed there, some were taken and some killed. But a young man amongst them, straggling from the rest, was met by this Indian maid, who upon the first sight fell in love with him, and hid him close from her countrymen (the Indians) in a cave, and there fed him till they could safely go down to the shore, where the ship lay at anchor expecting the return of their friends; but at last, seeing them upon the shore, sent the longboat for them, took them aboard, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came ashore in the Barbados, forgot the kindness of the poor maid that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free born as he. And so poor Yarico for her love lost her liberty.'

The name Inkle is Steele's own invention; the *Achilles* was the ship in which Ligon himself sailed to the West Indies in 1647. Steele added, as will be seen, many touches to Ligon's account, including the statement that Inkle demanded a larger sum for the girl because he found she would soon be a mother. Some further particulars will be found in 'The *Spectator* Essays relating to the West Indies,' by the Hon. N. Darnell Davis, 1885.

‘Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America in search of provisions: the youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress,

complexion, and shape of an European covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles,¹ and bretes.² She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he

¹ Beads. In the *Tatler*, No. 245, Steele speaks of 'Adam and Eve in bugle-work.'

² Braids.

promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbados. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

'To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.'

I was so touched with this story, which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian matron, that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

R.



N^o. 12. *Wednesday, March 14, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

—PER., Sat. v. 92.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following words: 'Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.' As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my

humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my basin: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room, but my landlady, observing that upon these occasions I always cried 'pish' and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house, so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress, who is indeed an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters, telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go



by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on the table at one end of the room, and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the foot of a bed or walked over a churchyard by moonlight; and of others that had been conjured into the Red Sea for disturbing people's rest and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire, for which reason I took the candle in my hand and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love¹ to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted

¹ 'Who love' (folio).

at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the meantime, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, to pull the old woman out of our hearts (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper), and extinguish those impudent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in His hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without His knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

No. 12. THE SPECTATOR

Milton has finely described the mixed company of men and spirits in Paradise; and has directed his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*,¹ which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:—

“—Nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or mightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.”

No. 13. *Thursday, March 15, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Dic mihi, si fueras tu leo, qualis eris?

—MART., Sat. xii. 92.

THREE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signor Nicolini's² combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been

¹ ‘Paradise Lost,’ iv. 675–688.

² Prof. Morley quotes from Book i. of the ‘Works and Days’ (Chapman's translation), descriptive of the period following the Golden Age, when the good after death

‘Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were
Of all best mortals still surviving there,
Observed works just and unjust, clad in air,
And gliding undiscovered everywhere.’

* See No. 5. The opera of ‘Hydaspes,’ by Francesco Muzio.

very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the play-house, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole session. Many, likewise, were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signor Nicolini. Some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends that the lion was to act a part in high Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough bass, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

cini, was first produced in May 1710, when it proved very successful. Hydaspes is thrown into an amphitheatre to be devoured by a lion, but the sight of his mistress in the crowd inspires him with such courage that he strangles the beast.



But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me in a gentle voice that I might come by him if I pleased. 'For,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt anybody.' I thanked him very kindly and passed by him, and in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance, which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him; and it is verily believed to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.



The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part; insomuch that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian trips. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet, but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking; but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him, 'The ass in the lion's skin.' This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signor Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting

peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage; but upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signor Nicolini, who, in acting this part, only complies with the wretched taste of his audience. He knows very well that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse than the king¹ who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behaviour, and degraded into the character of the London 'Prentice. I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced

¹ Henri IV. This statue, erected in 1635, was destroyed at the French Revolution in 1792. A new statue was, however, placed on the bridge in 1818.

thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera. In the meantime, I have related this combat of the lion to show what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste, but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense. C.

N^o. 14. Friday, March 16, 1711
[STEELE.]

— *Teque his, infelix, exue monstris.*
—OVID, Met. iv. 590.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the spirit and humour of the public diversions five-and-twenty years ago and those of the present time, and lamented to myself, that though in those days they neglected their morality, they kept up their good sense; but that the *beau monde* at present is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd fellow, whose face I have often seen at the playhouse, gave me the following letter, with these words: 'Sir, the Lion¹ presents his humble service to you, and desired me to give this into your own hands':—

‘SIR,
‘FROM MY DEN IN THE HAYMARKET,
March 15.

‘I HAVE read all your papers, and have stifled my resentment against your reflections upon operas, until that of this day, wherein you plainly

¹ See No. 13.

insinuate that Signor Grimaldi and myself have a correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the valour of his character, or the fierceness of mine. I desire you would for your own sake forbear such intimations for the future; and must say it is a great piece of ill-nature in you, to show so great an esteem for a foreigner, and to discourage a lion that is your own countryman.

'I take notice of your fable of the lion and man,¹ but am so equally concerned in that matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the animals the superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a country gentleman who act only for my diversion; whereas, had I still the same woods to range in which I once had when I was a fox-hunter, I should not resign my manhood for a maintenance; and assure you, as low as my circumstances are at present, I am so much a man of honour, that I would scorn to be any beast for bread but a lion.

Yours, &c.'

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my land-lady's children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present paper, they all having a tendency to the same subject, viz., the elegance of our present diversions.

'SIR,

'COVENT GARDEN, March 13.

'I HAVE been for twenty years under-sexton of this parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and have not missed tolling in to prayers six times in all those years; which office I have performed to my great satisfaction, till this fortnight last past,

¹ See No. 11.

during which time I find my congregation take the warning of my bell, morning and evening, to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell¹ under the Piazzas.² By this means I have not only lost my two customers, whom I used to place for sixpence a-piece over against Mrs. Rachel Eyebright, but Mrs. Rachel herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary people, who come to church only to say their prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of but on Sundays. I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the Garden; but they only laugh at the child.

¹ Martin Powell, puppet showman, brought his marionettes to London from the provinces in 1710, and established himself in the galleries of Covent Garden, where he produced puppet operas 'at Punch's Theatre in Covent Garden.' Powell is often alluded to in the *Tatler* (Nos. 45, 50, 115, 142), and it is said that he was employed by the ministry in 1710 to bring ridicule upon the fanatics called French Prophets by making Punch turn prophet. Defoe lamented Powell's popularity, and said ('Groans of Great Britain') that he was rich enough to buy up all the poets in England. In 1715, Thomas Burnett satirised Harley in a pamphlet called the 'History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Showman.' A letter from the sexton, in reparation of what is here said of Powell, will be found in No. 372. The following is one of Powell's advertisements: 'At the particular request of several ladies. At Punch's Theatre, alias Powell from Bath. In the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, being a place warm and commodious for the reception of persons of quality and distinction, this present Monday, being the 7th, and to-morrow the 8th of January, will be acted an opera called Heroic Love, or the Death of Hero and Leander. With variety of scenes, and machines after the Italian manner. Beginning exactly at six a clock. The boxes 2s., pit 1s. No persons to be admitted with Masks.' (*Daily Courant*, January 7, 1712.)

² Open arcades on the north and east sides of Covent Garden market-place. They were built by Inigo Jones about 1633.



‘I desire you would lay this before all the world, that I may not be made such a tool for the future, and that Punchinello may choose hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr. Powell has a full congregation, while we have a very thin house, which if you can remedy, you will very much oblige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.’

The following epistle I find is from the undertaker of the masquerade :¹—

‘SIR,

‘I HAVE observed the rules of my masque so carefully (in not inquiring into persons), that I cannot tell whether you were one of the company or not last Tuesday; but if you were not, and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own entertainment, please to admonish the town that all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of diversion. I could wish, sir, you could make them understand that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerade, and a man should be able to say or do things proper for the dress in which he appears. We have now and then rakes in the habit of Roman senators, and grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that people dress themselves in what they have a mind to be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but let her have her will in going to a masque,

¹ Masquerades were made a fashionable form of amusement by John James Heidegger, son of a Swiss clergyman, who came to England in 1708. He lived until 1749, and claimed to have made £5000 a year in this country. For many years he was manager of the opera. A paper of Addison’s on masquerades will be found in the *Guardian*, No. 151.

and she shall dress as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the "Arcadia,"¹ or some other good romance, before they appear in any such character at my house. The last day we presented, everybody was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other a nymph with a crook had not a word to say but in the pert style of the pit bawdry; and a man in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the refuse of the tiring-rooms. We had a judge that danced a minuet, with a quaker for his partner, while half-a-dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a Turk drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew eat me up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my design to bear, and make the masquers preserve their characters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a foundation laid for more elegant and improving gallantries than any the town at present affords; and consequently, that you will give your approbation to the endeavours of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.'

I am very glad the following epistle obliges me to mention Mr. Powell a second time in the same paper; for indeed there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in motions,² provided he is under proper restrictions.

'SIR,

'THE opera at the Haymarket, and that under the Little Piazza in Covent Garden, being at present the two leading diversions of the town, and

¹ Sir Philip Sidney's romance, published in 1590.

² An old name for puppet-shows.



Mr. Powell professing in his advertisements to set up "Whittington and his Cat" against "Rinaldo and Armida,"¹ my curiosity led me the beginning of last week to view both these performances, and make my observations upon them.

'First, therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr. Powell wisely forbearing to give his company a bill of fare beforehand, every scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain that the undertakers of the Haymarket, having raised too great an expectation in their printed opera, very much disappoint their audience on the stage.

'The King of Jerusalem is obliged to come from the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant chariot by white horses, as my opera-book had promised me; and thus, while I expected Armida's dragons should rush forward towards Argantes, I found the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and hand her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke; he flashed out his rosin in such just proportions and in such due time that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw indeed but two things wanting to render his whole action complete—I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

'I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages, though indeed with very different success.

¹ See No. 5.

The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage, and, instead of perching on the trees and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig that, in the first scene, he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way, and introduce larks in his next opera of "Susanna, or Innocence Betrayed,"¹ which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new elders.

'The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap in too ludicrous a manner before so great an assembly.

'As to the mechanism and scenery, everything indeed was uniform and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take notice that, at the Haymarket, the undertakers forgetting to change their side-scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and, without any visible concern, taking snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing further, in which both dramas agree, which is that, by the squeak of their voices, the heroes of each are eunuchs; and as

¹ The 'History of Susanna' was a favourite subject for puppet-shows.

the wit in both pieces are equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language. I am, &c.¹

R.

No. 15. *Saturday, March 17, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Parva leves capiunt animos—

—OVID, *Ars Am.* i. 159.

WHEN I was in France I used to gaze with astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded cupids and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and laden behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages that were stuck among the harness,

¹ The folio issue had the following advertisement:—

‘On the first of April will be performed, at the play-house in the Haymarket, an opera, called “The Cruelty of Atreus.”’

‘N.B.—The scene wherein Thyestes eats his own children is to be performed by the famous Mr. Psalmanazar, lately arrived from Formosa, the whole supper being set to kettle-drums.’

George Psalmanazar, an impostor, was born in Languedoc in 1680. He pretended to be a converted Formosan, and was patronised by Bishop Compton. In an apocryphal ‘Description of Formosa,’ which he printed in 1704, he said that the Formosans sacrificed 18,000 male infants yearly. The imposture began to be detected by 1708, but as late as 1716 money was collected for him as a Formosan convert, and it was not until 1728 that he wrote a confession of his fraud, thus ‘eating his own children’ by swallowing his own words. Psalmanazar became a bookseller’s hack, and died in 1763. He was spoken of with respect in his old age by Smollett and Dr. Johnson.

and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had for several years received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress, for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with everything that is showy and superficial, and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light, fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily be-thought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep



their coach and six, or eat in plate: mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birthday furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life than to the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbons, silver and gold galloons,¹ with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of oneself; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows. In short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw

¹ Narrow shoe-ribbons or laces.

the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! She considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the Ring,¹ the play-house, or the drawing-room: she lives in a perpetual

¹ A favourite promenade in Hyde Park, partly destroyed when the Serpentine was formed.



motion of body and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, retired life a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my paper without observing that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show in the character of Camilla,¹ who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat-of-mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. 'A golden bow,' says he, 'hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal.' The amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with :

Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero. C.

¹ The virgin queen of the Volscians. See *Aeneid*, xi. 774-782.

N^o. 16. *Monday, March 19, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis
in hoc sum.—HOR., 1 Ep. i. 11.*

I HAVE received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow Coffee-House¹ in Fleet Street; a third sends me a heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must, therefore, once for all, inform my readers that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper with reflections upon red heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an

¹ The Rainbow Coffee-House (15 Fleet Street) was established by James Farr, a barber, about 1657, near the Inner Temple Gate. It was one of the earliest coffee-houses in England, and in due course it was converted into a tavern, which remains to this day.



affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be entitled the Censor of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed periwigs, with several other encumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should¹ be oppressed with ornaments, and overrun with the luxuriancy of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is laden with such a redundancy of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do anything of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean, such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to

¹ 'That they may not' (folio).

write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch that when I see the name Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings me some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad daylight. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir¹ in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time, I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defama-

¹ A character in the 'Rehearsal,' in ridicule of the heroic dramas of the time. At a battle between Foot and great Hobby-horses, Drawcansir kills them all, on both sides:

'Others may boast a single man to kill,
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.'

tion; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter. About two days since, I was reproached with an old Grecian law that forbids any man to stand as a neuter or a looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of everything which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferment, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done anything towards increasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents; I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This paper, my reader will find, was intended for an answer to a multitude of correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the Spectator.

‘SIR,

March 15, 17¹⁰11.

‘I AM at present so unfortunate as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business, and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London; and shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the Duchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius. I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

C.

CHARLES LILLIE.’¹

¹ Charles Lillie, a perfumer in the Strand, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, was one of the agents for the sale of the *Spectator*; and in 1725 he published two volumes of ‘Original and Genuine Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*,’ with a dedication to Steele, who had given his consent to the publication.

N^o. 17. *Tuesday, March 20, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Tetrum ante omnia vultum.*—Juv., Sat. x. 191.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend a haggard beau for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softnesses and languishing graces to deformity: all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape so far as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man, that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion: when he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who were at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madam Maintenon's first husband¹ was a hero in

¹ The Abbé Paul Scarron, author of the 'Roman Comique,' 1651, married in the following year Françoise d'Aubigné, a girl

this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pulley, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be anything ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery: the best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakespeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called 'woolsack,' 'bed-presser,' and 'hill of flesh'; Harry a 'starveling,' an 'elves-skin,' a 'sheath,' a 'bow-case,' and a 'tuck.'¹ There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad; whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of

of sixteen, who afterwards became Madame de Maintenon. Born in 1610, Scarron became paralysed about 1637. In 1648, in his 'La Relation Véritable de tout ce qui s'est passé dans l'autre Monde, au Combat des Parques et des Poètes sur la Mort de Voiture,' Scarron compared his crippled figure to the letter Z, and prefixed to the book a frontispiece (reproduced in M. Justerand's edition of the 'Comical Romance') showing his back as he was seated in a chair, surrounded by a mocking crowd.

¹ A rapier.



my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with a high foretop, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the Merry Club, which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford, and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good humour which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

‘**MOST PROFOUND SIR,**

‘**H**AVING been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations¹ that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo.² There have arisen in this university (long since you left us, without saying anything) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning Club, the Witty Club, and amongst the rest the Handsome Club; as a burlesque upon which a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together and assumed the name of the Ugly Club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation (as St. John’s men would have the world believe, and have there-

¹ No. 9.

² See No. 1.

fore erected a separate society within themselves), but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table entitled 'The Act of Deformity,' a clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

'I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible queerity¹ in his aspect or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

'II. That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity² of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founders' kinsmen, or to the obliquity of their figure in what sort soever.

'III. That if the quantity of any man's nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

'Lastly. That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop,³ whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Thersites,⁴ Duns Scotus,⁵ Scarron, Hudibras,⁶ and

¹ Oddity. The word is not found elsewhere.

² Convexity.

³ Æsop is said to have been 'the most deformed of all men of his age, . . . perhaps even uglier than Homer's Thersites.'

⁴ See Iliad, Book ii. He was lame and crook-backed, and squinted.

⁵ Duns Scotus was alleged by the followers of Thomas Aquinas, an opposing school of philosophers, to have been very ugly.

⁶ See Butler's poem, Part I., i. 240, *seq.*

the old gentleman in Oldham,¹ with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

‘As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

‘The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shown me two copies of verses composed by a gentleman of his society; the first, a congratulatory ode inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron’s left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard, he says, since the small-pox is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club; but I never hear him so lavish of his fine things as upon old Nell Trot, who constantly officiates at their table; her he even adores, and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton; in short Nell, says he, is one of the extraordinary works of nature; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add that the president is a facetious pleasant gentleman, and never more so than when he has got, as he calls them, his dear mummers about him, and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation); and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all of this class, who for these

¹ Loyola, described in the third of Oldham’s ‘Satires upon the Jesuits.’

five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear (as one of a promising and improving aspect),

SIR,

Your obliged and humble Servant,

ALEXANDER CARBUNCLE.'

OXFORD, *March 12, 1710.*

R.

N^o. 18. *Wednesday, March 21, 1711*
ADDISON.

—*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

—HOR., 2 Ep. i. 187.

IT is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage; for there is no question but our great-grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

‘Arsinoe’¹ was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town,

¹ This opera was produced at Drury Lane in 1705. It was a translation from the Italian, with new music by Thomas Clayton, who set to music Addison’s opera of ‘Rosamond.’

who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware, and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this¹ day, 'that nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense.'

This maxim was no sooner received but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they² pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in 'Camilla,'³

‘Barbara si t’ intendo,’ &c.
(Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning),

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

‘Frail are a lover’s hopes,’ &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another made the music appear very absurd in one tongue

¹ ‘This very’ (folio).

² ‘Which they’ (folio).

³ An opera by Buononcini, produced at the Haymarket in 1705. The heroine sang in English, the hero in Italian.

that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus word for word,

‘And turned my rage into pity,’

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

‘And into pity turned my rage.’

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian fell upon the word rage in the English, and the angry sounds that were tuned to rage in the original were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word ‘and’ pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious ‘the,’ and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon ‘then,’ ‘for,’ and ‘from,’ to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera, who sung their parts in their own language at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera, and therefore, to ease themselves



entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage, insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the meantime, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally a historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection: In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the "Phædra and Hippolitus") for a people to be so stupidly

1 'Was' (folio).

² A feeble tragedy by Edmund Smith, produced in 1709, with
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fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature, I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present our notions of music are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with anything that is not English. So it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or high Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music, which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.

C.

a prologue by Addison and an epilogue by Prior. Smith died in 1710, only a few months before this number of the *Spectator* was written. In his prologue Addison had satirised the Italian opera:—

‘How would it please, should she [the Queen] in English
speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek! ’



N^o. 19. *Thursday, March 22, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et per pauca loquentis.*

—HOR., I Sat. iv. 17.

OBSEVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have by their fascination blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon says¹ some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection, but, keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads—his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

¹ Bacon's "Essays," ix. "Of Envy."

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted, and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious; youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this! To be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer; he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such a handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it, and never fails to aggravate their distress by assuring them that to his knowledge he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly they wish such a piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself;

or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember, some years ago, there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat among a cluster of them in debate on this subject, cried out, 'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.' But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading the seat of a giant in a romance; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs



of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable meets with contempt and derision, the envious man, under the colour of hating vainglory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations, and, if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause, and therefore gave a description of my face the next day, being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to them to think that he does not show it in company; and if any one praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest. R.



N^o. 20. *Friday, March 23, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Kύνος ὕμιντ' ἔχων*— Hom., Iliad, i. 225.

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator, for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes, and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

‘SIR,

‘THERE never was, I believe, an acceptable man but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the *Spectator* appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call starers, that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impudent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden, but devout supplicants and attentive hearers are the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city;

much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed with one of these monstrous starers. He's the head taller than any one in the church, but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favour to,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
S. C.'

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of behaviour, but a starer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capable of showing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper¹ has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to

¹ See No. 19.



the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies in whose behalf he engages him cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has indeed been time out of mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of starers have infested public assemblies, and I know no other way to obviate so great an evil except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon women, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the starers: and in this case, a man who has no sense of shame has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods, he who has no respect to any of them carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason, one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects

of these dominions as are masters of it were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent; in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious; in an Irishman absurd and fawning. As the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-received guest, and the Irishman like a stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the impudence of a south or north Briton, but that of an Irishman is always comic: a true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the least sense of it. The best and most successful starers now in this town are of that nation; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in the eye of women of fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from the plough, with a tolerable good air lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at Oxford, and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of woman-kind. Perhaps it is, that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay



tone, 'I put an impudent face upon the matter.' No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise, and it shall be expected that he blush when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

R.

N^o. 21. *Saturday, March 24, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Locus est et pluribus umbris.*—HOR., I Ep. v. 28.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic; how they are each of them over-burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; insomuch that within my memory the price of lute-string¹ is raised above twopence in a yard. As for

¹ A stout glossy silk, used for ladies' dresses and for scarfs.

the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded that¹ many of them had not room to use their weapons.² This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coachfuls to Westminster Hall every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour :

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of showing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may show themselves in a readiness to enter the lists whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accom-

¹ This word is omitted in the 1712 collected edition.

² *Æn.*, x. 432.



plish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year,¹ for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers are those young men who, being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the playhouse more than Westminster Hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of writings and conveyances, nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple² is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the North at

¹ In Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales* we read how in the Middle Temple, on All Saints' Day, when the judges and serjeants who had belonged to the Inn were feasted, 'the music being begun, the Master of the Revels was twice called. At the second call, the Reader with the white staff advanced, and began to lead the measures, followed by the barristers and students in order; and when one measure was ended, the Reader at the cupboard called for another' (Morley).

² 'Observations upon the United Provinces,' chap. i. (Arnold).

present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockle-shell merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in them who may be rather said to be of the science than the profession, I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country curates that might have made themselves aldermen of London by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober, frugal person, of slender parts and



a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

C.

N^o. 22. *Monday, March 26, 1711*
[STEELE.]

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

—HOR. *Ars Poet.* 188.

THE word Spectator being most usually understood as one of the audience at public representations in our theatres, I seldom fail of many letters relating to plays and operas. But in-



deed there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human life, or is a picture of nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The understanding is dismissed from our entertainments. Our mirth is the laughter of fools, and our admiration the wonder of idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost scorn and contempt, but even with the loudest applause and approbation. But the letters of my correspondents will represent this affair in a more lively manner than any discourse of my own. I shall, therefore,¹ give them to my reader with only this preparation, that they all come from players, and that the business of playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say one or two of them² are rational, others sensitive and vegetative actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have precedence in the opinion of their audiences.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘YOUR having been so humble as to take notice of the epistles of other animals, emboldens me, who am the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Tofts,³ to represent to you, that I think I was

¹ ‘I therefore shall’ (folio).

² ‘They all come from players, one or two of whom’ (folio).

³ In the opera of ‘Camilla,’ Mrs. Tofts, who acted the heroine, killed with a dart a boar which was pursuing Prenesto. Mrs. Katherine Tofts, who was charming alike in voice and person, was obliged to leave the stage in 1709, owing to her intellect becoming



hardly used in not having the part of the lion in "Hydaspes"¹ given to me. It would have been but a natural step for me to have personated that noble creature, after having behaved myself to satisfaction in the part above-mentioned; but that of a lion is too great a character for one that never trod the stage before but upon two legs. As for the little resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
THOMAS PRONE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you understand, that the play-house is a representation of the world in nothing so much as in this particular, that no one rises in it according to his merit. I have acted several parts of household stuff with great applause for many years: I am one of the men in the hang-

disordered. Having recovered, she married Mr. Joseph Smith, a patron of art, who became consul at Venice; but afterwards insanity returned. She lived in seclusion, imagining herself to be one or other of the princesses whom she had represented on the stage, until her death in 1760. (See Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music,' i. 153.) In 1709, in the *Tatler* (No. 20), Addison spoke of 'the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill-luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom.'

¹ See No. 13.

ings in the "Emperor of the Moon";¹ I have twice performed the third chair in an English opera, and have rehearsed the pump in the "Fortune Hunters."² I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the stage: in which you will do a great act of charity to

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM SCRENE.'

¹ The 'Emperor of the Moon' is a farce from the French, by Mrs. Aphra Behn, first acted in London in 1687. It was originally Italian, and had run eighty nights in Paris as 'Harlequin l'Empereur dans le Monde de la Lune.' In Act ii. sc. 3, 'the front of the scene is only a curtain or hangings to be drawn up at pleasure.' Various gay masqueraders, interrupted by return of the Doctor, are carried by Scaramouch behind the curtain. The Doctor enters in wrath, vowing he has heard fiddles. Presently the curtain is drawn up and discovers where Scaramouch has 'placed them all in the hanging, in which they make the figures, where they stand without motion in postures.' Scaramouch professes that the noise was made by putting up this piece of tapestry, 'the best in Italy for the rareness of the figures, sir.' While the Doctor is admiring the new tapestry, said to have been sent him as a gift, Harlequin, who is 'placed on a tree in the hangings, hits him on the head with his truncheon.' The place of a particular figure in the picture, with a hand on a tree, is that supposed to be aspired to by the *Spectator's* next correspondent (Morley).

² 'The Fortune Hunters; or, Two Fools well met,' a comedy first produced in 1685, was the only work of James Carlile, a player who quitted the stage to serve King William III. in the Irish wars, and was killed at the battle of Aghrim. The crowning joke of the second act of 'The Fortune Hunters' is the return at night of Mr. Spruce, an Exchange man, drunk and musical, to the garden door of his house, when Mrs. Spruce is just taking leave of young Wealthy. Wealthy hides behind the pump. The drunken husband, who has been in a gutter, goes to the pump to clean himself, and seizes a man's arm instead of a pump-handle. He works it as a pump-handle, and complains that 'the pump's dry'; upon which young Wealthy empties a bottle of orange-flower water into his face (Morley).



‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘UNDERSTANDING that Mr. Screne has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still parts; I desire, if you give him motion or speech, that you would advance me in my way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a master, to wit, in representing human and still life together. I have several times acted one of the finest flower-pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Screne is a chair; therefore, upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the hangings, with my hand in the orange trees.

Your humble Servant,

RALPH SIMPLE.’

‘SIR,

‘DRURY LANE, March 24, 17¹⁰.

‘I SAW your friend the templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of the “Pilgrim.”¹ I wish, sir, you would do us the favour to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly; but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakespeare; but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind from generous and human resentments; it is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends; it is no

¹ A comedy by Fletcher. In Act iii. there is a scene in a Spanish madhouse. One madman, an Englishman, cries, ‘Give me some drink, . . . fill me a thousand pots and froth ‘em, froth ‘em!’

diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents passion gets the better of reason, and all we can think to comfort ourselves is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is "Thrift," but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass¹ may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

and humble Servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'FROM THE SAVOY IN THE STRAND.

'IF you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you that I am the unfortunate King Latinus,² and believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Lewis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. This I

¹ 'Horse' (folio).

² In the opera of 'Camilla,' the King of Latium has a part (recitativo) of about sixty lines.

experienced since the loss of my diadem; for upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in recitativo—

Most audacious slave,
Dar'st thou an angry monarch's fury brave?¹

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a sergeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, sir, my unhappy circumstances, and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance, you will merit the thanks of Your friend,

THE KING OF LATIUM.'

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

FOR THE GOOD OF THE PUBLIC.

WITHIN two doors of the Masquerade, lives an eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming thither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

Venienti occurrit morbo.

N.B.—Any person may agree by the great, and be kept in repair by the year. The Doctor draws teeth without pulling off your mask. R.

¹ 'Camilla,' Act ii. sc. 10.

N^o. 23. *Tuesday, March 27, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.*

—VIRG., *AEn.* ix. 420.

THREE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason, I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and everything that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be



confessed that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who wrote a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher.¹ It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shows us that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his

¹ See Aristophanes' 'The Clouds,' and Plato's 'Phaedon.'

friend ever after.¹ Cardinal Mazarin gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet,² who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin³ was one night dressed in a very

¹ Suetonius's 'Life of Julius Cæsar.' But the attack on Cæsar and Mamurra remains among Catullus's Poems (No. 29).

² Claude Quillet published a Latin poem in four books, entitled 'Callipædia, seu de pulchræ prolis habendâ ratione,' at Leyden, under the name of Calvidius Lætus, in 1655. In discussing unions harmonious and inharmonious, he digressed into an invective against marriages of Powers, when not in accordance with certain conditions; and complained that France entered into such unions prolific only of ill, witness her gift of sovereign power to a Sicilian stranger.

Trinacriis devectus ab oris advena.

Mazarin, though born at Rome, was of Sicilian family. In the second edition, published at Paris in 1656, dedicated to the Cardinal Mazarin, the passages complained of were omitted for the reason and with the result told in the text; the poet getting 'une jolie Abbaye de 400 pistoles,' which he enjoyed until his death (aged fifty-nine) in 1661 (Morley).

³ Pasquino is said to have been a cobbler or tailor, who lived in Rome early in the sixteenth century, and had a very satirical tongue. After his death the broken statue of a gladiator was discovered under the foundations of his stall, and was set up in the Piazza di Pasquino. The wits said that Pasquino lived again in this statue, which carried on lively controversy with a neighbouring statue, by

dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author, relying upon his Holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off.¹ Aretine is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries.² Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophy of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of

means of questions and answers affixed to one or the other. Camilla, the sister of Pope Sextus V., who was the son of a gardener, had been a laundress.

¹ 'Life of Sextus V.', by Gregorio Leti, 1669. This book, however, appears to be worthy of little credence.

² Pietro d'Arezzo (1492-1557), the satirist, was called 'the Scourge of Princes.' Pope Clement VII., Francis I. of France, and the Emperor Charles V. all gave him presents.

giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature; a father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity; a wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that, without any malice, have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the former will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear on this occasion transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange,¹ which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up

¹ L'Estrange's 'Fables of Æsop and other eminent Mythologists, with Morals and Reflections,' first appeared in 1692, in folio.



their heads they'd be pelting them down again with stones. "Children," says one of the frogs, "you never consider that though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us."

As this week¹ is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the meantime, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C.

N^o. 24. *Wednesday, March 28, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?*

—HOR., I Sat. ix. 3.

THREE are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows² the more burdensome is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this

¹ Passion week. Easter Sunday was on April 1 in 1711.

² 'What makes these people' (folio).

reason that my correspondents are willing, by my means, to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for his dose of claret every night at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who, because they are sure of room and a good fire, have taken it into their heads to keep a sort of club in his company—though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject;¹ but I have since been extremely mortified by the malicious world’s ranking me amongst the supporters of such impudent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly, and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

‘I am, sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own humour, which I gratify without controlling other people’s. I have a room and a whole bed to myself; and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun; they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for which reasons—though I invite nobody—I have no sooner supped than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share, yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only

¹ See No. 9.



speaker, or at least the loudest ; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language, and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance. I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered ; I wear away very gently ; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humorist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in awe of him, and all the customers who frequent his company yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment. Clinch of Barnet¹ has a nightly meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay ; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things ? If his is allowed to be a consort, why may not mine be a lecture ? However, sir, I submit to you, and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient, &c.,

THO. KIMBOW.'

¹ Clinch of Barnet was a man who imitated with his own voice, 'horses, the huntsmen, and a pack of hounds, a sham doctor, an old woman, the bells, the flute, the double curtell, and the organ.' He exhibited at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, by the Royal Exchange, and died in 1734, aged about seventy. Steele (*Tatler*, No. 51) and Thoresby ('Diary,' Jan. 14, 1709) speak highly of Clinch's skill.

‘GOOD SIR,

‘YOU and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half-an-hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled off your hat to me in the park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like your air, and said she wondered what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear sir, consider it is as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore I earnestly entreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

WILL FASHION.’

A like impertinence¹ is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair) than to the conversation they come into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in this case, by the publication of her letter in my paper, which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit.

¹ ‘This impertinence’ (folio).



‘MADAM,

‘I TAKE this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise, to wit, that you and I, though equals in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, ’tis true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but alas, madam, you must go no further; distance and silence are your best recommendations, therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more visits. You come in a literal sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this that I would by any means lose your acquaintance, but I would keep it up with the strictest forms of good breeding. Let us pay visits, but never see one another. If you will be so good as to deny yourself always to me, I shall return the obligation by giving the same orders to my servants. When accident makes us meet at a third place, we may mutually lament the misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same party to a benefit play, and smile at each other and put down glasses as we pass in our coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each other’s friendship as we are capable: for there are some people who are to be known only by sight, with which sort of friendship I hope you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
MARY TUESDAY.’

‘P.S.—I subscribe myself by the name of the day I keep, that my supernumerary friends may know who I am.’

ADVERTISEMENT

To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town who come but once a week to St. James's Coffee-House, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces; this is to give notice, that Kidney,¹ keeper of the book-debts of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder William Bird is promoted; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird.

R.

N^o. 25. *Thursday, March 29, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Ægrecitque medendo.*—VIRG., *Æn.* xii. 46.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology:—

‘SIR,

‘I AM one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians, and do confess to you that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham’s learned

¹ For other allusions to Kidney see the *Tatler*, Nos. 1, 10, 16.



Treatise of Fevers¹ threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption, till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the Gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers, but, accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius,² I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention, who, for the better carrying on of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration,

¹ The *Methodus curandi Febres* of Dr. Thomas Sydenham (1624-1689) was published in 1666. It embodied the results of experience gained during the Plague of London in the preceding year.

² Sanctorius, a professor of medicine at Padua, who died in 1636, aged seventy-five, was the first to discover the insensible perspiration, and he discriminated the amount of loss by it in experiments upon himself by means of his statical chair. His observations were published at Venice in 1614, in his *Ars de Statica Medicina*, and led to the increased use of sudorifica. A translation of Sanctorius by Dr. John Quincy appeared in 1712, the year after the publication of this essay (Morley). There had been an earlier translation in 1676.

what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

‘Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundredweight, falling short of it about a pound after a day’s fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundredweight and a half pound,¹ and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound, which, for my health’s sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples, and when I discover by my chair that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

‘I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep within a few grains more or

¹ ‘And an half’ (folio).



less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundredweight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a valetudinarian, 'Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui,' which it is impossible to translate.¹ The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the

¹ The usual translation is, 'I was well, but wishing to be better, I am here.'

preservation of life, as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to not only by common sense but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mytholo-

gist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours, upon which, says the fable, he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

N^o. 26. *Friday, March 30, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, o beate Sexti.
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia—*

—HOR., I Od. iv. 13.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them

recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκος τε Μεδόιτα τε Θερσιλοχός τε.—*Hom.*¹

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.—*VIR.*²

The life of these men is finely described in *Holy Writ* by the path of an arrow, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

¹ *Iliad* xvii. 216.

² *AEn.* vi. 483.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which¹ had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war² had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave, rough English admiral, which

¹ 'Poets that had no monuments, and monuments that' (folio).

² The war of the Spanish succession, which was terminated by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713.

was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man,¹ he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means, I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of

¹ Sir Cloudeley Shovel rose from the position of cabin-boy to that of admiral.



the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago—I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C.

N^o. 27. *Saturday, March 31, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter, id quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

—HOR., i. Ep. i. 20.

THREE is scarce a thinking man in the world, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his being. You hear men every day in conversation profess that all the honour,

power, and riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit or possession of them. While men are in this temper, which happens very frequently, how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the toil they bear, but cannot find in their hearts to relinquish it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it: while they pant after shade and covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering scenes of life: but sure this is but just as reasonable as if a man should call for more lights when he has a mind to go to sleep.

Since, then, it is certain that our own hearts deceive us in the love of the world, and that we cannot command ourselves enough to resign it, though we every day wish ourselves disengaged from its allurements, let us not stand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourselves from them while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general intention of the greater part of mankind to accomplish this work, and live according to their own approbation as soon as they possibly can. But since the duration of life is so uncertain—and that has been a common topic of discourse ever since there was such a thing as life itself—how is it possible that we should defer a moment the beginning to live according to the rules of reason?

The man of business has ever some one point to carry, and then he tells himself he will bid adieu to all the vanity of ambition. The man of pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his mistress; but the ambitious man is entangled every moment in a fresh pursuit, and the

lover sees new charms in the object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise ourselves an alteration in our conduct from change of place and difference of circumstances; the same passions will attend us wherever we are, till they are conquered; and we can never live to our satisfaction in the deepest retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the noise and business of the world.

I have ever thought men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters than any other way. My friend the clergyman, the other day, upon serious discourse with him concerning the danger of procrastination, gave me the following letters from persons with whom he lives in great friendship and intimacy, according to the good breeding and good sense of his character. The first is from a man of business, who is his convert; the second from one of whom he conceives good hopes; the third from one who is in no state at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

‘SIR,

‘I KNOW not with what words to express to you the sense I have of the high obligation you have laid upon me, in the penance you enjoined me of doing some good or other, to a person of worth, every day I live. The station I am in furnishes me with daily opportunities of this kind, and the noble principle with which you have inspired me, of benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my application in everything I undertake. When I relieve merit from discouragement, when I assist a friendless person, when I produce concealed worth, I am displeased with myself for having designed to

leave the world in order to be virtuous. I am sorry you decline the occasions which the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your fortunes, but know I contribute more to your satisfaction when I acknowledge I am the better man from the influence and authority you have over,

SIR,

Your most obliged and
most humble Servant, R. O.'

'SIR,

'I AM entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in, but you told me so as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know the creature for whom I resign so much of my character is all that you said of her, but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous men, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you in writing to you the state of my mind after your kind admonition, and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours, T. D.'

'SIR,

'THERE is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you,

when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court, but this will be no riddle when I acquaint you that I placed myself here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself, but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance. In short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me that I might live in the world and out of it at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination.

I am,
R. Your most humble Servant, R. B.'

N^o. 28. *Monday, April 2, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.*—HOR., 2 Od. x. 19.

I SHALL here present my reader with a letter from a projector concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon

projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.¹

‘SIR,

‘OBSERVING that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to, and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts² of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country who are curious spectators of the same, I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion, with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions, not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in Nature to choose out of should live at the sign of an *ens rationis*!

‘My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign, such as the Bell and the Neat’s-Tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The Fox and Goose may

¹ ‘Streets. It is as follows’ (folio).

² With few exceptions, houses were still distinguished, at the time of the *Spectator*, by signs instead of numbers.



be supposed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb¹ and Dolphin ever meet except upon a sign-post? As for the Cat and Fiddle,² there is a conceit in it, and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I must, however, observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads, and, as I am informed, first occasioned the Three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

‘In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the Angel, or a tailor at the Lion? A cook should not live at the Boot, nor a shoemaker at the Roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king’s head at a sword cutler’s.

‘An ingenious foreigner observes that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact;

¹ ‘Sheep’ (folio).

² See No. 9, note on the Kit-Cat Club.

but though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to show some such marks of it before their doors.

‘When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon¹ to have lived at the Sign of the Trout, for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature. And here, sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Drugger gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson.² Our apocryphal heathen god³ is also represented by this figure, which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the Bell-Savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much

¹ Mrs. Salmon kept a waxwork exhibition at the Golden Salmon, near Temple Bar.

² The Alchemist, in Ben Jonson’s play, was paid by Abel Drugger, the tobacco man, for a device for a lucky sign. Subtle says (Act ii.) :—

‘He shall have a bell, that’s *Abel* ;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee* ;
In a *rug* gown, there’s *D* and *rug*, that’s *Drug* :
And right anenst him a dog snarlinger,
There’s *Drugger*, Abel Drugger. That’s his sign.’

³ Bel, in the apocryphal ‘History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon.’

puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our countryman the Bell-Savage.¹ This piece of philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow generally makes choice of a bear, as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing Cross, and very curiously garnished with a couple of angels hovering over it and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found upon inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agréments* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your great abilities, so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

I remain, &c.'

¹ Many derivations of 'Bell Savage,' the name of an inn on Ludgate Hill, have been suggested. Pennant accepted Addison's story. Douce said the sign was really that of the Queen of Sheba, while Burn says that the inn was originally the Bell, but by the middle of the fifteenth century was known as Savage's Inn, and as early as 1576 the two names became united ('London Traders' and Tavern Signs,' p. 175). The old inn gave place in 1873 to the printing offices of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

I shall add to the foregoing letter, another which came to me by the same penny post.

‘FROM MY OWN APARTMENT,
NEAR CHARING CROSS.

‘HONOURED SIR,

‘HAVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer,¹ that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey, but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality, and if they will make a subscription for him, I will send for a brother of his out of Holland, that is a very good tumbler, and also for another of the same family whom I design for my Merry Andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next winter, and doubt not but it will please more than the opera or puppet show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera heroes, but certainly he is a better representative of a man than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a spectator at my show for nothing.

I am, &c.’

C.

¹ Rope-dancing was one of the favourite entertainments at Bartholomew Fair and elsewhere in Queen Anne’s reign.



N^o. 29. *Tuesday, April 3, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

— *Sermo linguis concinnus utrāque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
—HOR., i Sat. x. 23.

THREE is nothing that has more startled our English audience than the Italian recitativo at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a *billet-doux*, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of “Enter a king and two fiddlers solus,” was now no longer an absurdity, when it was impossible for a hero in a desert or a princess in her closet to speak anything unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation, the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell’s operas.¹

¹ Henry Purcell (1658–1695), whom Mr. Fuller Maitland rightly calls ‘the greatest composer England has produced,’ wrote many operas, besides church music. When he was twenty-two he produced ‘Dido and Æneas,’ which is entirely without spoken dialogue. In Dryden’s ‘King Arthur’ (1691), for which Purcell composed the music, the singing characters occupy a subordinate

The only fault I find in our present practice is the making use of Italian *recitativo* with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe that the tone or, as the French call it, the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone, and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the *recitative* music in every language should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well that the cadences in the *recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation or admiration in the Italian music, if one may so call them, which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen

position: 'Experience hath taught us,' said the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Jan. 1691-92, 'that our English genius will not relish that perpetual singing.'

our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words, because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and 'dying falls,' as Shakespeare calls them,¹ but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience, and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing-birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing

¹ 'Twelfth Night,' Act i. sc. 1.

and taste of harmony has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with: in short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully¹ acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilise it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italian. By this means the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well, for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song than the clerk of a parish church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned

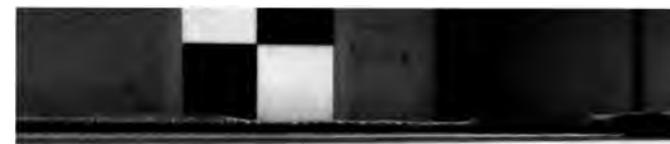
¹ The Florentine musician, John Baptist Lulli (died 1687), was superintendent of music to Lewis XIV., and composed, among other things, the incidental music for Molière's comedies.



in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milkmaids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bulrushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was 'The Rape of Proserpine,' where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his *valet-de-chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence, but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing. C.



N^o. 30. Wednesday, April 4, 1711

[STEELE.]

*Si, Mimmermus uti censem, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.*

—HOR., I Ep. vi. 65.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance,' 'She never looked so well in her life as this evening,' or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of



the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaring he will break his chain, and another in dumb show striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner as that the whole company shall join in the description and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-Glove¹ Club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences, by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress, but the Oxonians are fantastical now they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable frenzy are translated in honour of some modern beauty, and Chloris is won to-day by the same compliment that was made to Lesbia a thousand years

¹ 'It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves' (*Tatler*, No. 151).

ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the renowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves; but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a frenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter:—

‘SIR,

‘SINCE I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford which you have nowhere mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous Club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live, for in love there are no doctors, and we all profess so high passion that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted, for he that is not in love enough to rhyme is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any



woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates. On such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients:—

*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*¹

This method of a glass to every letter of her name occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of Elizabetha, which so exasperated the club that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour, and look upon a member as very absurd that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it, for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your most obedient
humble Servant,

T. B.

‘I forgot to tell you that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.’ R.

¹ Martial, Epig. i. 72.

N^o. 31. Thursday, April 5, 1711

[ADDISON.]

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.—VIRG., Æn. vi. 266.

LAST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Haymarket Theatre, I diverted myself for above half-an-hour with overhearing the discourse of one who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of projectors. This gentleman (for I found he was treated as such by his audience) was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an opera which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkeys are in one place, the puppet-show in another, the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter, after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera entitled 'The Expedition of Alexander the Great,' in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he con-



fessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show,¹ in another a ladder-dance,² and in others a posture-man,³ a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This expedition of Alexander opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjurer, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: at the same time Clinch of Barnet⁴ is represented in another corner of the temple as ringing the bells of Delphos for joy of his arrival. The tent of Darius is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. Salmon,⁵ where Alexander is to fall in love with a piece of waxwork that represents the beautiful Statira. When Alexander comes into that country, in which Quintus Curtius tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to

¹ A show carried in a box. 'Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats' (Gay's 'Shepherd's Week,' Saturday).

² An order of the Lord Chamberlain to the managers of the theatres, dated Dec. 24, 1709, forbade representations on the stage not necessary to the due performance of the play, 'such as ladder-dancing, antic postures, &c.,' without leave being first had (Steele's Plays, ed. Aitken, 1894, p. 9). In the *Tatler*, No. 12, Steele complains that Rich had introduced, for the sake of profit, 'ladder-dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakespeare's heroes and Jonson's humorists.' See, too, *Tatler*, No. 99.

³ There were many posture-men, or acrobats, in Addison's day. Some of their advertisements are given in Ashton's 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne,' i. 280, 281.

⁴ See No. 24.

⁵ See No. 28.



be a scene of Hockley-in-the-Hole,¹ in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which Alexander must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkeys dancing upon ropes, with the many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethman² is to personate King Porus upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by Powell,³ representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to show the

¹ At Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, there was a popular bear-garden, where dog-fights and other sports were to be seen, including, as Steele describes in No. 436, exhibitions of the noble science of defence. An advertisement of 1710 announced that on a certain Monday there would be a fight between two dogs and a bull; 'likewise a green bull to be baited, which was never baited before, and a bull to be turned loose with fireworks all over him; also a mad ass to be baited; with variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; and a dog to be drawn up with fireworks.'

² William Pinkethman or Penkethman, called 'honest Pinkey' by Colley Cibber, was a comedian and proprietor of a booth at Bartholomew Fair. He created parts in some of Steele's comedies, and is praised in both *Tatler* and *Spectator* (see No. 370). Pinkethman indulged in 'gag,' and was a favourite of the gallery.

³ George Powell, who died in 1714, was an excellent tragedian, whose life was ruined by drink. In April 1713 he acted as Portius in Addison's 'Cato,' but soon afterwards his name disappeared from the bills. See Addison's remarks on Powell in No. 40, especially the 'Advertisement'; and the *Tatler*, No. 3.



mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. Powell, junior,¹ may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for Alexander the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German artist,² Mr. Pinkethman's heathen gods,³ or any of the like diversions which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that Alexander being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera

¹ Martin Powell. See No. 14.

² A worker in glass. See *Tatler* (1786), vi. 298.

³ 'Mr. Pinkethman's wonderful invention called the Pantheon; or, the Temple of the Heathen Gods. The work of several years and great expense is now perfected, being a most surprising and magnificent machine, consisting of five several curious Pictures, the painting and contrivance whereof is beyond expression admirable. The figures, which are above 100, and move their heads, legs, arms, and fingers so exactly to what they perform, and setting one foot before another, like living creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteemed the greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from 10 in the Morning till 10 at Night in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, in the same house where Punch's Opera is. Price 1s. 6d., 1s., and the lowest, 6d.' (*Spectator*, No. 46, advertisement).

should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the Ionic dialect, and could not but be acceptable¹ to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained was how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians by the opportunity of the Turkish fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence² can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.

The projector having thus settled matters to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: 'Besides, sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland,'³

¹ 'Wonderfully acceptable' (folio).

² An English tenor singer, who appeared in under parts in Italian operas until 1717 (Burney's 'History of Music,' iv. 212).

³ Heidegger. See No. 14.



who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set everything that should be sung upon the English stage.' After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out with a kind of laugh, 'Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland?' This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.

C.

No. 32. *Friday, April 6, 1711*

[STEELE.]

Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.

—HOR., I Sat. v. 64.

THE late discourse¹ concerning the statutes of the Ugly Club having been so well received at Oxford that, contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body, I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction that I have given occasion for the presi-

¹ No. 17.

dent's showing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did; but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent, begging his pardon, has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty; nothing ought to be laudable in a man in which his will is not concerned; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

‘Mr. *SPECTATOR*,

‘YOUR making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this: who should I meet at the coffee-house door t’other night but my old friend Mr. President! I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me, “Oho, doctor, rare news from London,” says he; “the *Spectator* has made honourable mention of the club, man, and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a recommendatory description of his phiz. And though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet, his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find an hole for him to creep in at, for I assure you he is not against the canon; and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us.” I presently called for the paper to see how you looked in print, and after we had regaled ourselves awhile upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next



night's club; where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth with no less volubility of speech than strength of reason, "That a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls; in composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcass, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again: "How that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz. that our faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagances: as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated—nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth? How many headstrings and garters had been made accessory, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows? And who," continues he, "but is deeply sensible that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean, when a little more of Mr. Spectator's philosophy would take off all this; and in the meantime let them observe that there is not one of their grievances of this sort but perhaps in

some ages of the world has been highly in vogue, and may be so again—nay, in some country or other, ten to one, is so at this day. My Lady Ample is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, “In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!” Now the lady’s misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil, for go but t’other side of the water, it’s a jest at Haarlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; and Miss Cross, when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam van Brisket by nearly half a ton. On the other hand, there’s Squire Lath, a proper gentleman of fifteen hundred pound per annum, as well as of an unblamable life and conversation; yet would not I be the esquire for half his estate, for if it was as much more, he’d freely part with it all for a pair of legs to his mind; whereas in the reign of our first King Edward of glorious memory, nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters; and his majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace and war as laudably as the bravest and most politic of his ancestors, and was as terrible to his neighbours under the royal name of Longshanks as *Cœur de Lion* to the Saracens before him. If we look further back into history, we shall find that Alexander the Great wore his head a little over the left shoulder, and then not a soul stirred out till he had adjusted his neck-bone; the whole nobility addressed the prince and each other obliquely, and all matters



of importance were concerted and carried on in the Macedonian court with their polls on one side. For about the first century nothing made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and then not a word of them till they revived again in eighty-eight.¹ Nor is it so very long since Richard the Third set up half the backs of the nation ; and high shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to come to ourselves, gentlemen, though I find by my quinquennial observations that we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, yet might we meet with better success among some of our allies. And what think you if our board sat for a Dutch piece ? Truly I am of opinion that as odd as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be no such strange things in mezzotint. But this project may rest till our number is complete ; and this being our election night, give me leave to propose Mr. Spectator ; you see his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his fellow."

‘I found most of them, as it is usual in all such cases, were prepared, but one of the seniors (whom, by-the-bye, Mr. President had taken all this pains to bring over), sat still, and cocking his chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely declared : “That in case he had had sufficient knowledge of you, no man should have been more willing to have served you, but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own conscience as well as other people’s merit, and he did not know but that you might be a handsome fellow ; for as for your own certificate, it was everybody’s business to speak for themselves.” Mr. President immediately retorted, “A handsome fellow ! why he is a wit, sir, and you

¹ The coming of William III.

know the proverb ; ” and to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, “ That for matter of merit it was all one, you might wear a mask.” This threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of three days to consider on it ; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed him up with an old story, “ That wits were privileged to wear what masks they pleased in all ages, and that a vizard had been the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by the hand of some satyr, and sometimes of Apollo himself.” For the truth of which he appealed to the frontispiece of several books, and particularly to the English Juvenal,¹ to which he referred him, and only added, “ That such authors were the *larvati*,² or *larvâ donati* of the ancients.” This cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were chose probationer, and Mr. President put round your health as such, protesting, “ That though indeed he talked of a vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-mountain.” So that all you have to do now is to pay your fees, which here are very reasonable if you are not imposed upon, and you may style yourself *Informis societatis socius*, which I am desired to acquaint you with, and upon the same I beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

A. C.’

OXFORD, March 21.

R.

¹ The frontispiece to the third edition of Dryden’s translation of ‘Juvenal and Persius’ (1702) represents Juvenal receiving a mask of a satyr from Apollo.

² Bewitched persons. ‘Larva’ is a ghost, with the secondary meaning of a mask.

N^o. 33. *Saturday, April 7, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratia zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et parum comis sine te juventas,
Mercuriusque.*

—HOR. (ad Venerem), 1 Od. xxx. 5.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne. The former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Lætitia has not from her very childhood heard anything else but commendations of her features and complexion; by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain, and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it, while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable

effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia!' She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia and charmed with repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with. 'Faith, Daphne,' continued he, 'I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. 'Nay,' says he, 'I knew you would laugh at me; but I'll ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had

now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know anything that has pleased me so much a great while as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular, for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter¹ to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as insufferable as the professed wits:—

'MONSIEUR St. Evremont² has concluded one of his essays with affirming that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pretend to improve or preserve it meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say

¹ The writer of this letter is said to be John Hughes. See No. 53.

² 'Miscellaneous Essays, by Mons. de St. Evremont,' translated by Tom Brown, 1694, ii. 135, 'Of the Pleasure that Women take in their Beauty.' Charles de St. Denis, Sieur de St. Evremond, died in 1703, aged about ninety. After his attack on Mazarin, St. Evremond took refuge in England, where he was granted a pension by Charles II. The pension lapsed at Charles's death, but St. Evremond remained in this country, and was befriended by William III.

nothing of false helps and contraband wares of beauty which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South Britain who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew,¹ or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years' study in the university and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

' This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive—the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

' In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz. :—

' That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

' That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the smallpox.

' That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

¹ The morning dew of the first day of May was supposed to have magical properties.

‘And, That what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

‘From these few principles thus laid down it will be easy to prove that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, “the porcelain clay of human kind,”¹ become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

‘It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller’s.² How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquet when compared with the real

¹ In ‘*Don Sebastian*,’ Act i., when Sebastian, Almayda, &c., are brought before Muley Moluch, Emperor of Barbary, the Emperor says:—

‘Ay; these look like the workmanship of Heaven;
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.’

² Sir Geoffrey Kneller (1646–1723), the favourite portrait-painter of his time, is perhaps best known by his portraits of the members of the Kit-Cat Club, which were engraved by Faber in 1735.

loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good humour, and truth, virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

'When Adam is introduced by Milton describing Eve in paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them and gave them their power of charming.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."¹

'Without this irradiating power the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

'I cannot better close this moral than by a short epitaph,² written by Ben Jonson with a spirit

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' viii. 488.

² 'Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.' Jonson's words are as follows:—

'Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.'

which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:—

“ Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.”

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

R.

R. B.'

No. 34. *Monday, April 9, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera—

—JUV., SAT. XV. 159.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this

select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies ('but for your comfort,' says Will, 'they are not those of the most wit') that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. 'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire, and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had

never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronised them. 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your raillery has made too great an excursion in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a 'Pish!' and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friends,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator'—applying himself to me—'to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation—men of good heads and sound bodies! And let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club, and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He

told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised ; that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof ; that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fanatical for the cognisance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness ; and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right ; and that for his part he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the City with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out, and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain, who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a



body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate¹ were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely; if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people, or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

C.

¹ The triumvirate of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

N^o. 35. *Tuesday, April 10, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.—MART.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to

divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man than to laugh at anything he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake in one of his plays as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour,¹ and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a dis-tempered brain than works of humour.

It is, indeed, much easier to describe what is not humour than what is, and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives.² Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour, therefore, being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on

¹ Among the plays of Thomas Shadwell (1640-1692), poet laureate, was 'The Scowlers' (1691), which throws much light on the street rioters of the time; and there is further illustration of window-breaking in the same writer's 'Woman Captain' (1680).

² Cowley's Ode, 'Of Wit':—

'What is it then, which like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?
In a true piece of wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree.'

grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor¹ abroad, who takes upon him² the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world, to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats,³ I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender,⁴ to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, whilst everybody laughs about him;⁵ False Humour is always laughing, whilst everybody about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called

¹ 'Are several imposters' (folio).

² 'Take upon them' (folio).

³ 'Counterfeits' (folio).

⁴ 'With any of these pretenders' (folio).

⁵ 'Laughs that is about him' (folio).

Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations :—

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.—MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the allegory by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general that False Humour differs from the True as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, he so much delights in mimicry that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, he is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch

that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, being incapable of anything but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humorists, but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple for the future to single out any of the small wits that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself of attacking multitudes: since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.



N^o. 36. *Wednesday, April 11, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Immania monstra*
Perferimus—

—VIRG., *AEn.* iii. 583.

I SHALL not put myself to any further pains for this day's entertainment than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the playhouse, with the minutes I have made upon the latter for my conduct in relation to them.

‘DRURY LANE, *March¹ the 9th.*

‘UPON reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers,² of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster, together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters whereof you made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this playhouse, met and sat upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and, in order to contribute to it, we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after daybreak of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with everything which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift of all animated utensils to your projector. The hangings you formerly mentioned are run away, as are likewise a

¹ An oversight for April.

² No. 31.

set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the Rose Tavern¹ at two this morning. We hope, sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations, and that we intend for the future to show no monsters but men who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to show some unnatural appearances which are in vogue among the polite and well-bred. I am to represent, in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the distortions which are frequently taken for graces in mien and gesture. This, sir, is a specimen of the method we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre, and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by your spectators for the future. We have cashiered three companies of theatrical guards, and design our kings shall for the future make love and sit in council without an army; and wait only your direction, whether you will have them reinforce King Porus, or join the troops of Macedon. Mr. Pinkethman resolves to consult his Pantheon of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle of Delphos, and doubts not but he shall turn the fortunes of Porus when he personates him. I am desired by the company to inform you that they submit to your censures, and shall have you in greater veneration than Hercules was in of old if you can drive monsters from the theatre, and think your merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient Servant, T. D.'

¹ See No. 2.

‘SIR,

‘WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years last past been thunderer to the play-house, and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and spoke on the stage, as the bold Thunder in the “Rehearsal.”¹ When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last winters; but they carry their tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart from their dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, sir, what I desire of you is, that if

¹ Bayes, the poet in the ‘Rehearsal,’ says:—

‘Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder: pshaw! Speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning, I.’

The caricature here, and in following lines, is of a passage in Sir Robert Stapylton’s ‘Slighted Maid’: ‘I am the Evening, dark as Night,’ &c.

In the *Spectator’s* time the ‘Rehearsal’ was an acted play, in which Penkethman had the part of the Gentleman Usher, and Bullock was one of the two Kings of Brentford; Thunder was Johnson, who played also the Grave-digger in Hamlet, and other reputable parts (Morley).

your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms (as other authors have done) in the time of Alexander, I may be a cannon against Porus, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

SALMONEUS OF COVENT GARDEN.

The Petition of all the Devils of the Playhouse in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

The merit of this petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich,¹ who made them devils.

The Petition of the Grave-digger in Hamlet to command the pioneers in the expedition of Alexander.

Granted.

The Petition of William Bullock² to be Hephestion to Pinkethman the Great.

Granted.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A WIDOW GENTLEWOMAN, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of Thomas Prater, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of Letitia Tattle, a family well known in all parts

¹ See No. 5, 258.

² William Bullock was a good and popular comedian, whom ~~some~~ preferred to Penkethman, because he spoke no more than was ~~set~~ down for him, and did not overact his parts. He was now with Penkethman, now with Cibber, and others, joint-manager of a theatrical booth at Bartholomew Fair. When this essay was written Bullock and Penkethman were acting together in a play called 'Injured Love,' produced at Drury Lane on the 7th of April. Bullock as 'Sir Bookish Outside,' Penkethman as 'Tipple,'

of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be teacher at a boarding-school of young ladies; giveth notice to the public that she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury Square, commodiously situated next the fields in a good air, where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever yet was practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables or visiting days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera airs, and, if required, to speak either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rates. They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices may be taken as half-boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the theatres, by the great. As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given these innocent creatures, which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions from passengers and idle people, as also to cry fish and card-matches,

a servant. Penkethman, Bullock, and Dogget were in those days Macbeth's three witches. Bullock had a son on the stage capable of courtly parts, who really had played Hephestion in 'The Rival Queens,' in a theatre opened by Penkethman at Greenwich in the preceding summer (Morley).

with other useless parts of learning, to birds who have rich friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house, where she suffers none to approach them but herself and a servant-maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food and cleanse their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species.

R.

NO. 37. *Thursday, April 12, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fæmineas assueta manus.*—

—VIRG., Æn. vii. 805.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger being in the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora,¹ and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library till such

¹ Leonora was a Miss Shepherd, afterwards Mrs. Perry. See No. 92.

time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china, placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels which rose in a delightful¹ pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books I found there

¹ 'Very delightful' (folio).

were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow: ¹—

Ogleby's 'Virgil.'

Dryden's 'Juvenal.'

'Cassandra.'

'Cleopatra.'

'Astræa.'

Sir Isaac Newton's works.

'The Grand Cyrus,' with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's 'Arcadia.'

¹ John Ogilby's 'Virgil,' the first translation of the whole work into English, appeared in 1649. Dryden's 'Juvenal and Persius,' portions of which were by other hands, was published in 1693. 'Cassandra' and 'Cleopatra' were from the French of the Seigneur de la Calprenède, the former being translated by Sir Charles Cotterell (1652), and the latter by Richard Loveday (1668). 'Astræa,' by Honoré D'Urfé, was translated for the second time in 1657. Sir Isaac Newton died in 1727, and Sir William Temple in 1699. Locke's 'Essay of the Human Understanding' appeared in 1690. 'The Grand Cyrus,' by Mdlle. de Scudéry, was translated in 1653; 'Clelia,' by the same writer, was translated by John Davis. Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, published his 'Practical Discourse concerning Death' in 1689. Father Nicholas Malbranche's 'Recherche de la Vérité' (1673) was translated in 1694. The 'Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony' (1682) was satirical, and called forth various imitations. The 'Academy of Compliments' first appeared in 1640, and Nicholas Culpeper's 'Directory for Midwifery' in 1651. 'The Ladies' Calling,' a very popular work, was freely used by Steele in compiling his 'Ladies' Library' in 1714. Thomas D'Urfey (nephew of Honoré D'Urfé) published several collections of songs, and 'Tales, Tragical and Comical' (1704). Sir Richard Baker's 'Chronicle of the Kings of England' appeared first in 1643.

Locke of 'Human Understanding,' with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon 'Death.'

'The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.'

Sir William Temple's 'Essays.'

Father Malbranche's 'Search after Truth,' translated into English.

A book of novels.

'The Academy of Compliments.'

Culpepper's 'Midwifery.'

'The Ladies' Calling.'

'Tales in Verse,' by Mr. Durfey. Bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the classic authors in wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same hand.

'Clelia,' which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's 'Chronicle.'

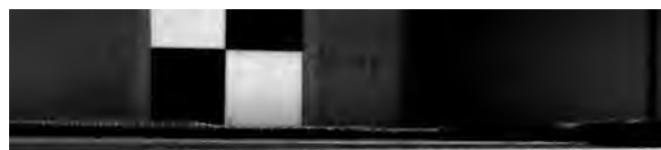
'Advice to a Daughter.'

'The New Atlantis,' with a key to it.

Mr. Steele's 'Christian Hero.'

A Prayer-Book, with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

The 'Advice to a Daughter' (also used by Steele) was by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. Mrs. de la Rivière Manley's scandalous 'Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes, from the New Atlantis' (1709-11) attacked many political opponents and leaders of fashion. Steele's 'Christian Hero' (1701) had reached a fifth edition in 1711. Dr. Henry Sacheverell's trial was in 1710; Robert Fielding's (for bigamy with Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland) in 1706. Seneca's 'Morals' were translated by L'Estrange in 1693; and La Ferte had a dancing-school in Compton Street, Soho.



Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Feilding's Trial.

Seneca's 'Morals.'

Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying.'

La Ferte's 'Instructions for Country Dances.'

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered 'Yes,' for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from

London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes, covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of the Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country; not, says Sir Roger, that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a consort, and that he shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular



books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

C.

N^o. 38. Friday, April 13, 1711

[STEELE.]

—*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*—MART.

A LATE conversation which I fell into gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to show to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her, while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary to show her teeth; her fan was to point to somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make

some unkind observation on some other lady to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of affectation naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. Burnet,¹ in his 'Theory of the Earth,' takes occasion to observe that every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just progress of their present thought or action, but betrays an interruption in every second thought when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new

¹ Dr. Thomas Burnet was Master of the Charterhouse from 1685 until his death in 1715. He published in 1681-9 his *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, which was translated in complete form in 1689. Steele speaks with admiration of the 'Theory of the Earth' in No. 146, and Addison addressed a Latin ode to Burnet in 1699.



sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an unusual briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man, as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause is, to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but, as it appears, we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it; but when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfec-

tions robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thought bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency. His heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc affectation makes in that part of the world which should be most polite is visible wherever we turn our eyes. It pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner, as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a pleader that, with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.¹

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself, and the declaimer, in that sacred

¹ William, Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor, died in 1723. See the character of 'Manilius' in No. 467. Steele dedicated the third volume of the *Tatler* to Lord Cowper.

place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery but must resolve to sin no more: nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man overrun with the fault I am speaking of.

'DEAR SIR,

'I SPENT some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praiseworthy, contemn little merits, and allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time, your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

R.

Your humble Servant.'

N^o. 39. *Saturday, April 14, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo—* —HOR., 2 Ep. ii. 102.

AS a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. 'A virtuous man,' says Seneca, 'struggling with misfortunes is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure.'¹ And such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts everything that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder, therefore, that in all the polite nations of the world this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may² show more at large hereafter; and, in the meantime, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

¹ Seneca, *De Providentia*, § 2.

² 'Shall' (folio).

Aristotle observes¹ that the iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy; because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambics, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme, which is as absurd in English as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similes dignified with rhyme, at the same time that everything about them lies in blank verse. I would not, however, debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that, we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings-off in the middle of a

¹ *Poetics*, Part I. § 7.



verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the style than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of Corneille and Racine, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But, I believe, it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments: by this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or show itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our

thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. Shakespeare is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in Aristotle to this purpose which I have never seen quoted. 'The expression,' says he,¹ 'ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions.' Horace, who copied most of his criticisms after Aristotle, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:²—

Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri,
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelá.

Tragedians too lay by their state, to grieve.
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.

—LD. ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none who was better turned for tragedy than Lee;³ if, instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper

¹ *Poetica*, Part III. (end).

² *Ars Poet.*, 95.

³ Nathaniel Lee died in 1692. He is best known by his tragedy, 'The Rival Queens; or, the Death of Alexander the Great,' 1677. 'Edipus' and 'The Duke of Guise' were written in collaboration with Dryden. Intemperance led to madness, which necessitated confinement in Bedlam for five years; Steele speaks of Lee's Alexander as 'a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet' (No. 438).



bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of those epithets and metaphors in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation?

Then he would talk : good gods ! how he would talk ! ¹

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway² has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in

¹ 'Then he will talk ; good gods ! how he will talk !
Even when the joy he sighed for is possessed,
He speaks the kindest words and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, vows with so much grace,
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.'

—*The Rival Queens*, Act i.

² Thomas Otway (1652-1685) wrote two famous tragedies, 'The Orphan' (1680), and 'Venice Preserved' (1682), and some very inferior comedies. Unlike Lee, Otway put aside the emperors and princes of the heroic drama, and drew touching scenes of ordinary life.



his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts which, by Aristotle's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of 'Venice Preserved' on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he showed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him, what the Roman historian¹ says of Catiline, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patriâ sic concidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country. C.

N^o. 40. *Monday, April 16, 1711.*
[ADDISON.]

*Ac ne forte putas me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*
—HOR., 2 Ep. i. 208.

THE English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his

¹ Sallust's *Cataline*.



enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily.¹ Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish

¹ Aristotle says that upon the stage, and in dramatic contests, tragedies which end unhappily, if they succeed, have the most tragic effect (*Poetics*, Part II. § 12).

in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious compunction of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are 'The Orphan,' 'Venice Preserved,' 'Alexander the Great,' 'Therocto^sis,'¹ 'All for Love,' 'Œdipus,' 'Oroonoko,'² 'Othello,' &c. 'King Lear' is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn; as 'The Mourning Bride,' 'Tamerlane,' 'Ulysses,' 'Phædra and Hyppolitus,'³ with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy,

¹ This tragedy, like 'Alexander the Great' and 'Œdipus,' was by Lee.

² 'Oroonoko,' by Thomas Southerne, was produced in 1699.

³ 'The Mourning Bride,' Congreve's sole tragedy, was produced in 1697. 'Tamerlane' (1702) and 'Ulysses' (1706) are by Nicholas Rowe; and 'Phædra and Hyppolitus' (see No. 18) by Edmund Smith.

and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre,¹ is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy may, in some measure, be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them, which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other; for, though the grief of the audience in such performances be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies, it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties, of our English tragedy; I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of rants. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy are always the most taking with the audience, for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several

¹ Tragi-comedies are found in Spain before they appear in England.

parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell¹ very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast, and given them such sentiments as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings or affronting the gods in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to show how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of 'Œdipus,' to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act,² after

¹ See No. 31.

² The third act was by Dryden, the fourth by Lee.

having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion:—

To you, good gods, I make my last appeal,
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
And backward trod those paths I sought to shun,
Impute my errors to your own decree :
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

Oh that, as oft I have at Athens seen

[Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after 'Oedipus.']

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend ;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind.
For all the elements, &c.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

HAVING spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience, I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the 'Conquest of Mexico,' which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.¹ C.

¹ In the following number, in the folio issue, there was an advertisement of the performance at Drury Lane, for Powell's benefit, of Dryden's 'Indian Emperor; or, the Conquest of Mexico,' with Powell as Cortez.



N^o. 41. *Tuesday, April 17, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Tu non inventa reperta es.*

—OVID, Met. i. 654.

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society; and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

‘SIR,

SUPPOSING you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement but what I have got from plays. I remember in ‘The Silent Woman,’¹ the learned Dr. Cutbeard, or Dr. Otter (I forget which), makes one of the causes of separation to be *error personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it

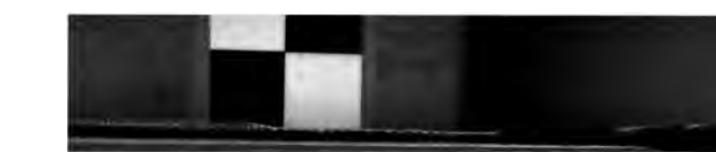
¹ In Ben Jonson’s ‘Epicœne; or, the Silent Woman,’ Morose discovers that the silent woman whom he has married is far from silent; and Otter and Cutbeard, disguised as a divine and a canon lawyer respectively, pretend to advise him upon the grounds upon which a man may obtain a divorce, one being *error personæ*, ‘if you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.’

is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

'Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effect of art: her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means. I am,

SIR,
Your most obedient humble Servant.'

I cannot tell what the law or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have, indeed, very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed counte-



nances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad ; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance ; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature ; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted ; they may assure themselves, the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us, one day, an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will ; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to ensnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation ; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps toward such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile

epistles, to revoke his doom ; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half-hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley :—

Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barb'rous skill ;
'Tis like the p'cis'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.¹

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gallipots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool,² and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country ; the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery ; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed

¹ 'The Waiting-Maid,' in Cowley's 'The Mistress.'

² Charles Lillie ('The British Perfumer,' 1822), in describing colours for the face, says that there were several kinds of Spanish wool ; the best, made by Jews in London, gave a bright pale red. If made in dry and hot weather it struck the finest blooming colour.

the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the masterpiece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are part of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a beauty as a woman of sense; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public this many years, and never appeared; it will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse (when I have abolished this custom) to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the meantime, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress?

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.¹

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality lately deceased), who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Minheer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

¹ Donne's 'Funeral Elegies,' on occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, wife of Sir Robert Drury.



N.B.—She is also well skilled in the drapery part, and puts on hoods and mixes ribbons so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success.

R.

N^o. 42. *Wednesday, April 18, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Garganum mugire putas nemus aut mare Thuscum
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

—HOR., 2 Ep. i. 202.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage.¹ There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an hero is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head than to the sole of his foot. One would believe that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while

¹ *Poetics*, Part II. § 13.

he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional encumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but, I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and as for the queen, I am not so attentive to anything she speaks as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommod her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were threadbare and

decayed. This artifice for moving pity seems as ill contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tollis
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

—Hor.¹

Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.

—L.D. ROSCOMMON.

I should therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes.

¹ *Ars Poet.*, 182.

I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket Theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandise the persons of a tragedy; and shall show in another paper the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances. They call it the *fourberia della scena*, the knavery or trickish part of the drama. But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero give Brutus half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in Shakespeare?

C.

N^o. 43. *Thursday, April 19, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

—VIRG., *Æn.* vi. 854.

THREE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to mechanic arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call dull fellows; persons who, for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman¹ who belongs to a society of this order of men, residing at Oxford.

¹ Thomas Hearne, writing on April 22, 1711 ('Collections,' ed. Doble, iii. 153, 154), says: 'Abraham Froth is designed for Dr. Arthur Charlett, an empty, frothy man, and indeed the letter personates him incomparably well, being written, as he used to do, upon great variety of things, and yet about nothing of moment. It brings in his cronies, George Clarke, of All Souls, Dr. Wm. Lancaster, Provost of Queen's, and Dr. Gardiner, Warden of All Souls. Dr. Lancaster is called in it Sly Boots, and Dr. Gardiner is called in it Dominick. Queen's people are angry at it, and the Common-Room say there 'tis silly, dull stuff, and they are seconded by some that have been of the same college. But men that are indifferent commend it highly, as it deserves.' Dr. Charlett was Master of University College from 1692 until his death in 1722. He was a friend of Arbuthnot and other scholars, and was a man of learning; but his vanity and love of gossip caused him, says Hearne, to be called the Gazetteer, or Oxford Intelligencer. Hearne had personal reasons for disliking Charlett.



‘OXFORD, April 13, 1711,
Four o’clock in the Morning.

‘SIR,

IN some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards an history of clubs: but you seem to me to show them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think that the most important negotiations may best be carried on in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good of mankind (which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned for), propose an institution of that nature for example sake.

‘I must confess, the design and transactions of too many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal: those I’ll give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves the Hebdomadal Meeting. Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes four or five. We are all grave, serious, designing men, in our way. We think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm,—*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica*;¹ to censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we don’t like; to settle the nation at home, and to carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit: if other people are not of our opinion, we can’t help that. ‘Twere better they were. Moreover, we now and then condescend to direct, in some measure, the little affairs of our own university.

¹ Roman consuls were instructed to see *ne quid Res publica detrimenti capiat*. The mistake in the quotation is meant as an illustration of the ignorance of the members of the Hebdomadal Meeting.

‘Verily, Mr. Spectator, we are much offended at the Act for importing French wines.¹ A bottle or two of good solid edifying port, at honest George’s, made a night cheerful, and threw off reserve: but this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it, before it had gone too far, I must tell you we would have petitioned to be heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

‘I must let you know likewise, good sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince’s march, in conjunction with infidels,² to be palpably against our good will and liking: and, for all Monsieur Palmquist,³ a most dangerous innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom on’t. At least, my own private letters leave room for a politician, well versed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

‘We think we have at last done the business with the malcontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.⁴

¹ There was, of course, no such Act, but in 1703 it was provided by the Methuen Treaty that England should admit Portuguese wines at one-third less duty than those of France (Morley).

² The Turks. The march of Charles XII. of Sweden to the Ukraine in 1709 resulted in the battle of Pultowa, which secured the power of Peter the Great, the Emperor of Russia. Charles took refuge with the Turks at Bender.

³ Probably a confused recollection of the name of Charles’s general, Count Poniatowski.

⁴ Curiously enough, the Emperor Joseph I. died on April 17, only a few days after the date of this letter. During his reign the Hungarians, desiring independence, fought for France. The Archduke Charles, who now became Emperor, was willing to give the Hungarians such privileges as restored their friendship (Morley).



‘What the neutrality army¹ is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next Dyer’s,² who, you must know, is our authentic intelligence, our Aristotle in politics. And ‘tis indeed but fit there should be some *dernier ressort*, the absolute decider of all controversies.

‘We were lately informed, that the gallant trained bands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London. We indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on’t beforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do duty, or work, during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee, appointed to examine into that affair,

¹ This phrase was put into Mr. Froth’s head by the treaties of 1710, between the Emperor of Germany, Great Britain, and the States-General, which guaranteed the neutrality of all the States of the Empire (Morley).

² John Dyer, a Jacobite printer, issued manuscript news-letters to customers in the country. He was more than once in trouble for spreading false news, and is laughed at by Addison in No. 127, though his letters were held in high esteem by Sir Roger de Coverley. Dyer died in 1712, and an advertisement in the *Flying Post* for January 5-7, 1713, desired all who were indebted to him to remit their debts to Thomas Dyer, attorney-at-law, and only son and administrator, at his chambers in Staples Inn. Defoe said that Dyer knew ‘very well how to take a dish of coffee in his face, or a cane upon his surface, decently and like a gentleman. . . . He does not so much write what his readers should believe, as what they would believe.’ He cared not for truth, so long as he lashed the Whigs. ‘Truly, gentlemen, this is the humour of this party’ (*Review*, vol. vi. No. 132; Feb. 9, 1710).

that 'twas possible there might be something in't. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours, Dominic and Slyboots, are just come in, and the coffee's ready.

'I am, in the meantime,

Mr. SPECTATOR,
Your admirer and humble Servant,
ABRAHAM FROTH.'

You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in anything. It would be disappointment to them, to come to certainty in anything, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their inquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good education, but (if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands) will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all dull people in general; but when dulness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give

great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution is a dull fellow, gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. 'The British Prince,' that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age incomparable,¹ was the effect of such an happy genius as we are speaking of. From among many other distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:—

A painted vest Prince Voltager had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither Prince Voltager nor his grandfather could strip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have stayed to have flayed the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful pur-

¹ 'The British Princes, an Heroick Poem,' by the Hon. Edward Howard, was published in 1669. The author produced also five plays, and a volume of poems and essays, with a paraphrase on Cicero's *Lælius in heroic verse*. The Earls of Rochester and Dorset devoted some verses to jest both on 'The British Princes' and on Edward Howard's plays. Even Dr. Sprat had his rhymed joke with the rest, in lines to a person of honour 'upon his incomparable, incomprehensible poem, entitled "The British Princes." Edward Howard did not print the nonsense here ascribed to him. It was a burlesque of his lines:—

'A vest as admired Vortiger had on,
Which from this island's foes his grandsire won' (Morley).



pose of life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft work. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it; like him who came to Will's Coffee-House, upon the merit of having writ a posie of a ring.¹

R.

No. 44. *Friday, April 20, 1711*

[ADDISON.]

Tu quid ego et populus tecum defideret audi.

—HOR., *Ars Poet.* 153.

AMONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an² audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so

¹ A posy or posie was a poetical motto attached to or inscribed on a ring or other article. Cf. 'Hamlet,' iii. 2—

‘Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?’

² ‘The’ (folio).

much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in 'Venice Preserved'¹ makes the hearts of the whole audience quake, and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in 'Hamlet' is a masterpiece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception, by the discourses that precede it: his dumb behaviour at his first entrance strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned;

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell;

Be thy events² wicked or charitable;

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, Royal Dane: Oh! oh! answer me,

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,

¹ In Act v., in the last scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, the passing bell tolls for Pierre.

² Advents, visitas. The accepted reading is now 'intents.'

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by anything they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathise with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand and a girl in the other. This, too, had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children, with great success; and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person



that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half-a-dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics,¹ who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewed with carcasses in the last scene of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre, which, in general, is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilised people; but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of Corneille,² written upon the sub-

¹ Rapin, whose 'Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry' were translated by Rymer in 1694, says that the English 'love blood in their sports'; the spirit of the nation 'delights in cruelty.'

² 'Les Horaces.'

ject of the Horatii and Curiatii, the fierce young hero who had overcome the Curiatii one after another, instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover, in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If anything could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader, to see how Sophocles has conducted a tragedy¹ under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she showed no mercy to his

¹ The 'Electra.'



father: after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in anything transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would despatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency, which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.¹
Let not Medea draw her murh'ring knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient

¹ Horace's actual words are quoted on the next page.

poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

—Hor. ¹

Medea must not draw her murth'ring knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis
(She to a swallow turned, he to a snake),
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

—L.D. ROSCOMMON. ²

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to

¹ *Ars Poet.*, 115.

² The Earl of Roscommon's translation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry' into English blank verse appeared in 1680.



raise a laugh. Bullock¹ in a short coat, and Norris² in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age.³ But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them. C.

Nº 45. *Saturday, April 21, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Natio comæda est— —Juv., Sat. iii. 100.

THREE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable peace,⁴ though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but to our manners. What an inundation of ribbons and brocades will break in

¹ See No. 36.

² Henry Norris was known as Jubilee Dicky, from the part of Dicky which he played in Farquhar's 'Constant Couple; or, a Trip to the Jubilee.' His little figure looked droll in a long coat.

⁸ Sir George Etherege. Norris was the original Lovis in Etherege's 'Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub.'

⁴ After the death of the Emperor Joseph in April 1711, hopes of peace were entertained, and preliminaries were signed in the following October.

upon us! What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to! For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their *valet-de-chambre*, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male *Abigail*s tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her handmaids, I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds.¹ It was then looked upon as a piece of ill breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see everything that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with

¹ The 'ruelle' is the path between a bedside and the wall. Hence it denoted among the French *Précieuses*, the bed-chamber of fashionable ladies, and we find such phrases as 'un poète de ruelles,' 'cet homme passe sa vie dans les ruelles,' &c.



him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in very nice disorder, as the night-gown, which was thrown upon her shoulders, was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with everything which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no further than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her women and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch!

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of

temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' and, unfortunately, placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her, on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton¹ was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady, who sat as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see

¹ Thomas Betterton died in 1710, and at the time of his funeral Steele wrote an eloquent eulogy of the great actor in the *Tatler* (No. 167).

Ballon: to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and, before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But, as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But, at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France, in his time, thought it ill breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion,

¹ Apparently the name of a person; but there was a game called 'balloon,' resembling tennis, but played with a football.

and good sense that they went abroad with ; as, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's, betray¹ as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe. C.

N^o. 46. *Monday, April 23, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Non bene junctarum discordia seminæ rerum.

—OVID, Met. i. 9.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game, and when I meet any proper subject I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find anything suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to anybody but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at

¹ 'With' (folio).

Lloyd's Coffee-House,¹ where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them, before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand asking everybody if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:—

MINUTES

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat.—Yes, for I hate long speeches.—Query, if a good Christian may be a conjurer.—Childermas-day, salt-cellar, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket.—Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles. Yarico.—*Egrecitque medendo.*—Ghosts.—The ladies' library.—Lion by trade a tailor.—Dromedary called Bucephalus.—Equipage the ladies' sum-

¹ Lloyd's Coffee-House, from whence 'Lloyd's Subscription-Rooms' have sprung, had its first home in Little Tower Street, where Edward Lloyd opened a coffee-house. In 1692 he moved to the corner of Abchurch Lane in Lombard Street, and in 1696 started *Lloyd's News*, a paper especially intended to give shipping news. The coffee-house became the recognised meeting-place for underwriters and shipowners, and there ships and other property were sold 'by candle.' A letter from customers of Lloyd's to Isaac Bickerstaff is printed in the *Tatler*, No. 268. Lloyd died on February 15, 1713 (*Flying Post*, Feb. 14-17, 1712-13).

mum bonum.—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of.—Short face a relief to envy.—Redundancies in the three professions.—King Latinus a recruit.—Jew devouring an ham of bacon.—Westminster Abbey.—Grand Cairo.—Procrastination.—April fools.—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour.—Enter a king and two fiddlers *solus*.—Admission into the Ugly Club.—Beauty, how improvable.—Families of true and false humour.—The parrot's school-mistress.—Face half Pict half British.—No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six foot.—Club of sighers.—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry figures, lion, thunder.—The bell rings to the puppet-show.—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy.—My next coat to be turned up with blue.—Fable of tongs and gridiron.—Flower dyers.—The soldier's prayer.—‘Thank ye for nothing,’ says the gallipot.—Pac-tolus in stockings, with golden clocks to them.—Bamboos, cudgels, drumsticks.—Slip of my land-lady's eldest daughter.—The black mare with a star in her forehead.—The barber's pole.—Will Honey-comb's coat-pocket.—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances.—Poem in patchwork.—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*.—The female conventicler.—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry. Some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the *Spectator*. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he

looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words, and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar,¹ who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me, which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me, but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied; and applying myself to my pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice² of anything that passed about me.

My reader will find that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give

¹ 'Oxonian' (folio).

² 'No notice' (folio).

him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned ; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury¹ in his travels—*Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

‘SIR,

‘I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a Gospel-gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the morning, church meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, ’tis very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems ; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief ; otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into

¹ Gilbert Burnet, author of the ‘History of the Reformation and ‘History of his own Times,’ died in 1715. Addison’s reference is to the first of Burnet’s ‘Some Letters containing an Account of what seemed most remarkable in travelling through Switzerland, Italy, some parts of Germany, &c., in 1685 and 1686,’ published in 1687. The subject of the inscription ‘Quædam nimia pia fuit, facta est impia,’ with its false Latin ‘nimia,’ was Suria Anthis, wife of Cecælius Calistis.

want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it. I am, &c., R. G.'

The second letter, relating to the ogling-master, runs thus:—

‘Mr. *SPECTATOR*,

‘I AM an Irish gentleman, that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church ogle in the morning, and the playhouse ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called “The Complete Ogler,” which I shall be ready to show you upon any occasion. In the meantime, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

C.

Your, &c.’

N^o. 47. *Tuesday, April 24, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Ride si sapiſ—

—MART.

M^R. HOBBES, in his ‘Discourse of Human Nature,’¹ which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes

¹ Chap. ix. § 13.

thus: 'The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly. For men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

According to this author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and divert himself with his absurdities. For the same reason idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes.



Mr. Dennis¹ has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau.²

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbes's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste. But as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, that they could eat them, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous³ wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed 'pickled herrings'; in France, 'Jean potages'; in Italy, 'maccaronies'; and in Great Britain, 'Jack puddings.' These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is nowhere more visible than in that custom which prevails everywhere among us on the first day of the present

¹ John Dennis, critic and dramatist, died in 1734.

² Fourth satire.

³ Wandering, vagrant.

month, when everybody takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day, than in any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred 'April fools.' My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some 'sleeveless errand,' as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an halfpenny worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made 'April fools.' Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making 'April fools' every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of 'biters';¹ a race of men that are perpetually

¹ Steele afterwards devoted a whole paper (No. 504) to 'biters,' a subject of which he had already treated in the *Tatler*, where (No. 12) he defined a 'biter' as 'a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him.' Swift, who himself indulged in the sport, wrote, in the 'Journal to Stella': 'I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a "bite." You must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in a serious manner, then she will answer, or speak as if you were in earnest, and then cry you, "Madam, there's a 'bite.'" I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it among you, and to teach you a new refinement.'

employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart which is generally called laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and railery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and, in a word, stand as 'butts' in conversation, for every one to shoot at

that pleases. I know several of these 'butts' who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a 'butt,' who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid 'butt' is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people; men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A 'butt' with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a 'butt,' after the following manner: 'Men of all sorts,' says that merry knight,¹ 'take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.'

C.

N^o. 48. *Wednesday, April 25, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Per multas aditum sibi sœpe figuræ
Repperit*— ——OVID, Met. xiv. 652.

MY correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects; which I shall introduce with a

¹ '2 Henry IV.,' Act i. sc. 2.

letter of my own, that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.¹

*'To the PRESIDENT and FELLOWS of the
UGLY CLUB.'*

'May it please your Deformities,

'I HAVE received the notification of the honour you have done me, in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Pict. If they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say, their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years last past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us; and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour. I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obliged humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

'P.S.—I desire to know whether you admit people of quality.'

¹ See No. 32.

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

April 17.

‘TO show you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so, I apply myself to you, to beg your interest and recommendation to the Ugly Club. If my own word will not be taken (though in this case a woman’s may), I can bring credible witness of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left side than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable: and for humour and mirth I’ll keep up to the president himself. All the favour I’ll pretend to is, that as I am the first woman has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be after as ugly a manner as they can wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above-described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prithee make one for me, that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart,

Your most frightful Admirer

and Servant,

HECATISSA.’



‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I READ your discourse upon affectation,¹ and from the remarks made in it examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of them for the future. But alas! to my sorrow I now understand, that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout; but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment’s ease, but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes with a glazed wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit I was invited to a friend’s house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and soon after the Queen’s health, he, in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation, before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received I return my thanks this way.

Your most humble Servant.’

¹ No. 38.

‘SIR,

‘EPPING, April 18.

‘WE have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last,¹ upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. Alexander the Great was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day, the Earl of Essex² seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord Foppington³ the same morning wanted any better means to show himself a fop, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbid at the playhouse, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies. We have had but one part which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice Clod-pate.⁴ This was so well done that it offended Mr. Justice Overdo,⁵ who, in the midst of our whole audience, was (like Quixote in the puppet-show)

¹ See No. 42.

² John Banks’s ‘The Unhappy Favourite; or, the Earl of Essex,’ appeared in 1682.

³ A character in Colley Cibber’s ‘The Careless Husband,’ 1704.

⁴ Justice Clodpat appears in Shadwell’s ‘Epsom Wells,’ 1676.

⁵ Adam Overdo is a Justice in Ben Jonson’s ‘Bartholomew Fair.’

so highly provoked, that he told them, if they would move compassion, it should be in their own persons, and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates. He told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church porches, in their proper vocation of beggars. This, the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act heathen warriors, and such fellows as Alexander, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the quorum.

Your Servant.'

N^o. 49. *Thursday, April 26, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*—MART. x. 4.

IT is very natural for a man, who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for, if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very

curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I, that have nothing else to do but make observations, see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in a morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, until Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six until within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster, at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns¹ to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those

¹ These 'night-gowns,' or, as we should say, dressing-gowns, were often very gorgeous garments.

young fellows at the Grecian,¹ Squire's,² Searle's,³ and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion: the gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their deshabille, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men: such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are de-

¹ See No. 1.

² Squire's Coffee-House, in Fulwood's Rents, was kept by a coffee-man named Squire, who died in 1717. The house was frequented by lawyers from Gray's Inn.

³ Searle's Coffee-House, at the corner of Searle Street and Portugal Street, was used by students and others at Lincoln's Inn.

rived rather from reason than imagination : which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense ; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them ; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him, is to let him see you are the better man for his services ; and that you are as ready to oblige others as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends he lends, at legal value, considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear

dejected; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect, when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from daybreak till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant;¹ who, as first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders. R.

N^o. 50. Friday, April 27, 1711
ADDISON.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
—JUV., Sat. xix. 321.

WHEN the four Indian kings² were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with

¹ 'Sir Thomas,' the waiter at White's Coffee-House, is referred to several times in the *Tatler* (Nos. 16, 17, 26, 36).

² Steele wrote about the Indian kings in the *Tatler* (No. 171). The four kings, Te Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, Sa Ga Yean Qua

the sight of everything that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord, the upholsterer,¹ relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.²

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a

Rash Tow, E Tow O Koam, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the untruth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and all other nations were vassals to the French king. The kings returned to Boston in July 1711, after being painted in whole lengths by John Verelst.

¹ The kings were lodged 'in a handsome apartment at an upholsterer's in King Street, Covent Garden.' This political upholsterer, whose sign was 'The two Crowns and Cushion,' is alleged to have had for original Thomas Arne, father of the musician, and of the actress, Mrs. Cibber. Addison had referred to him several times in the *Tatler* (Nos. 155, 160, 171).

² 'The *Spectator* is written by Steele, with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian, supposed to write his travels into England. I repeat he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison' (Swift, 'Journal to Stella,' April 28, 1711). This paper was by Addison, not Steele.



short specimen of them in this paper, and may, perhaps, communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of 'London' are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul :—

'On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first a huge misshapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble;¹ and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple,

¹ 'As smooth as polished marble' (folio).

and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship ; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred. But upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was, indeed, a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence ; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtseying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

‘ The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs ; and he often told us that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

‘ Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides



deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

‘These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters, which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs, with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

‘We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them,¹ but instead of that they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several

¹ ‘Who were the men of the greatest perfections in their country’ (folio).

feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

‘As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length, but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun were it not for little black spots¹ that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.’

The author then proceeds to show the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot, however, conclude this paper without taking notice that amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract

¹ The patch-box was an important part of a lady’s toilet arrangements. In Steele’s ‘Lying Lover,’ Penelope says to Victoria: ‘But also, madam, who patched you to-day? Let me see. It is the hardest thing in dress. I may say without vanity I know a little of it. That so low on the cheeks pulps the flesh too much. Hold still, my dear, I’ll place it just by your eye.—(Aside) Now she downright squints.’ Addison speaks of the use of patches as party symbols in No. 81.



of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.

N^o. 51. Saturday, April 28, 1711
[STEELE.]

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem!
—Hor., I Ep. ii. 127.

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘**M**Y fortune, quality, and person are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities; but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and manners of our plays. I was last night at the ‘Funeral,’ where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out, ‘Oh that Harriot! To fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!’ Such an image as this ought by no means to be presented to a chaste and regular audience.¹ I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recom-

¹ The ‘Funeral’ was Steele’s own play, produced in December 1701. The passage here condemned (Act ii. sc. 1) was thus altered in later editions:—

Campley. ‘Oh that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous—

Lord Hardy. ‘Ay, Tom; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding night only to make your happiness lasting; mine is fixed on the married state; I expect my felicity from Lady Sharlot in her friendship, her constancy, her piety, her household cares, her maternal tenderness—You think not of any excellence of your mistress that is more than skin deep.’

mend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty. I am, SIR,
Your constant Reader and Well-wisher.'

The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross¹ enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author: if the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and can't please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight² a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty we must impute this and all other sentences in plays which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.

This expedient, to supply the deficiencies of wit, has been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know not but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etherege;³ if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called

¹ 'Great' (folio).

² 'Nothing else to gratify' (folio).

³ See No. 2.



‘She Would if she Could.’ Other poets have, here and there, given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on; but no author except this has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose, from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what ‘she would if she could,’ the play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh, or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets, in this case, use their audiences as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty: though at the same time, if you do awake those inclinations in them, no men are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But, as

I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable, that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind ; and we are obliged to the lady who writ 'Ibrahim,'¹ for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish majesty went off with a good air, but, methought, we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex, who, in 'The Rover,'² makes a country squire strip to his holland drawers. For Blunt is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised³ (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew fair.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the Rover is very frequently sent on the same errand ; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural ; for, they say, the men-authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women-writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant, at the end of the play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play

¹ 'Ibrahim, the thirteenth Emperor of the Turks,' 1696, was the first play of Mary Pix, novelist and dramatist.

² 'The Rover ; or, the Banished Cavaliers,' was a comedy in two parts (1677-1681), by Aphra Behn.

³ By a rope-dancer named 'Lady Mary.'



one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents plays, would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes. When the actors make their exit on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the

poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress in a manner so very abandoned as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a slave to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may at the same time have wit, humour, mirth, good breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to show he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes.

R.

No. 52. *Monday, April 30, 1711*
[STEELE.]

*Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.*

—VIRG., *AEn.* i. 78.

AN ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity¹ would have occasioned any answer, espe-

¹ See No. 48.

cially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot show too great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless Hecatissa, I have but one objection to it; which is, that all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from Martial:—

Tacta places, audita places, si non videare
Tota places, neutro si, videare, places.¹

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured?
But when the candle entered I was cured.

‘YOUR letter to us we have received as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford. And since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalised in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall

¹ Epig., lib. vii. 101.

think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy-chair prepared at the upper end of the table ; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the seat in the native and unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath ; and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine with a salutation, and in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather must be of Dr. Carbuncle's dye ; though his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting ; but then he boasts with Zeuxis, *In eternitatem pingo* ;¹ and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand killing, they must no longer paint but drink for a complexion : a maxim that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success ; and has been as admirable in its effects as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the *Postman*, and invented by the renowned British Hippocrates of the pestle and mortar ; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy ; and the best and most approved receipt now extant for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours ; as she is the first of her sex that has done us so great an honour, she will certainly, in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living ; and meet

¹ This was the answer of Zeuxis the painter, when he was reproached for the slowness of his work.



with admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has done some further design than you have yet penetrated ; and perhaps has more mind to the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paramour. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice, and should be glad, if it might lie in my power, to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces of such different extremes as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiognomy of the family on both sides. And again, as she is a lady of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that your first child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it ; for though she has not a face like a John-apple, yet as a late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five years of his life, gave me to understand, that, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his spouse could¹ make but fourscore ; so may Madam Hecatissa very justly allege hereafter, that, as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their wedding-day Mr. Spectator and she had but half an ell of face betwixt them. And this my very worthy predecessor, Mr. Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be no more than the true oval proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, I shall allow you what time you think fit to consider on it ; not without some

¹ 'Could both' (folio).

hope of seeing at last your thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired by,

SIR,
Your assured Friend and
most humble Servant,
HUGH GOBLIN, *Præses.*'

The following letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own praise I cannot for my heart suppress it:—

'SIR,
YOU proposed in your *Spectator* of last Tuesday¹ Mr. Hobbes's hypothesis, for solving that very odd phenomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr. Hobbes's, nobody would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours. And the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand it out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly inferior to himself. Pray then, how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Your most humble,
Q. R.'

THURSDAY, the 26th of the
Month of Fools.

¹ No. 47.



‘SIR,

‘IN answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the German Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdasher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,

R.

THE SPECTATOR.’

N^o. 53. *Tuesday, May 1, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

—HOR. Ars Poet. 359.

MY correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Letitia¹ has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahomedan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if

¹ See No. 33.



they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is their true merit. Epictetus, that plain honest philosopher, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have understood them, as well as the polite St. Evremont, and has hit this point very luckily. "When young women," says he, "arrive at a certain age, they hear themselves called mistresses, and are made to believe that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore," continues he, "worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion."¹

'Now to pursue the matter yet further, and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method, like those applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the

¹ This is the purport of chap. 62 of Epictetus's 'Morals.'



other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,

R. B.¹

‘SIR,

April 26.

‘YOURS of Saturday² last I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex: and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

‘But, sir, there are others yet that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world: I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. ‘Tis sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best bred men in the world, and condemn those

¹ This letter, like that in No. 33 on the same subject, is believed to be by John Hughes.

² No. 45.

that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

SIR,

Your Admirer and most humble Servant,
ANNA BELLA.'

No answer to this, until Anna Bella finds a description of those she calls the best bred men in the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great a delicacy, by reading the best authors, and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impropriety of language, or rusticity of behaviour. Now, sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise distemper; but by late observations find that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dulness by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the other day two fellows in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each other's health, and wafting smoke in each other's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal to you, whether these dishonours are to be done to the distemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar. I am, SIR

Your humble Servant.'



‘SIR,

‘THIS is to let you understand, that I am a reformed starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have writ upon the subject.¹ But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do everything that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession; but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies, who is a peeper, resolved to bring down my looks, and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, sir, that a peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or starer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one’s eyes from this object; I could not avoid taking notice also of her fan, which had on it various figures, very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a Venus, under a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery, half naked, attended

¹ See No. 20.

with a train of cupids, who were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the peeper's eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to recall the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous people, the peepers, into your consideration: I doubt not but you will think a peeper as much more pernicious than a starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.'

This peeper using both fan and eyes to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

'KING LATINUS to the SPECTATOR, Greeting.¹

'THOUGH some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private *litterato*; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the enchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for a prince in misfortune. This your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid,

¹ See No. 22.

and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A concert of music shall be prepared at Haberdashers' Hall for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and sixpence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

LATINUS, KING OF THE VOLSCIANS.

Given at our Court in Vinegar Yard,¹ storey the third from the earth, April 28, 1711.'

R.

№. 54. *Wednesday, May 2, 1711*
[STEELE.]

—*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

—HOR., I Ep. xi. 28.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arose in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

¹ Vinegar Yard (*i.e.* Vine Garden Yard), Drury Lane, is often mentioned by eighteenth-century writers. In Act ii. of the 'Beggar's Opera,' the drawer says to Captain Macheath, 'You know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Jewkner's Lane.'

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

CAMBRIDGE, April 26.

‘**BELIEVING** you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are, in the language of our university, called loungers. I am of opinion that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also (witness, to the sorrow of this sect, Aristotle and others): whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of the cynical humour in them, and delight much in sunshine. But then again, Diogenes was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub; whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it’s death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half-an-hour. Others there are who, from the clearness of their heads, deduce the pedigree of loungers from that great man (I think it was either Plato or Socrates¹) who after all his study and learning professed, that all he then knew

¹ Socrates’ ‘Apology.’



was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

‘I have with great pains and industry made my observations, from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new edition of “Diogenes Laertius,” to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. Spectator’s leave that the world may see it), briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place, I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. that time being an implacable enemy to and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. Another favourite saying of theirs is, that business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives, and is this, that the devil is at home. Now for their manner of living: and here I have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any old woman’s cat



is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial

As the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.¹

Our younger students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am, SIR,
Yours.²

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my correspondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves, any further than to gain weak eyes and sometimes headaches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said

1 'True as dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.'
—*Hudibras*, Part III. canto ii.

² This letter is attributed to Lawrence Eusden. See No. 78.

rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress: this, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing. R.

Nº 55. *Thursday, May 3, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Intus, et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur domini*—

—PERS., Sat. v. 129.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius¹ has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by avarice, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by luxury. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:—

Mane, piger, stertis : surgē inquit Avaritia ; heia
Surge. Negas, instat, Surge, inquit. 'Non quo.' Surge.
'Et quid agam ?' Rogitas ? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è sidente camelō.
Verte aliquid ; jura. 'Sed Jupiter audiet.' Eheu !
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et cœnophorum aptas ;
Ocyus ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastā
Ægæum rapias, nisi sollers Luxuria ante
Seductum moneat ; quō deinde, insane ruis ? Quo ?
Quid tibi vis ? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.
Tun' mare transilias ? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto

¹ Sat. v. 131.

Czaa sit ia traistro, Veientanisque rubellum
 Exhalat rapida laesum pice sensilis obba?
 Quid petis? Ut summi, quos hic quincunce modesto
 Nutreras, pergaat avidos sudare deunes?
 Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
 Quod vivis; cimis, et manes, et fabula fies.
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora, hoc quod loquor, inde est.
 Es quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo,
 Huaccine, an hunc sequeris?——

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
 When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap,
 'Up, up,' says Avarice; 'thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbe, and yawn'st, but all in vain.'
 The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
 At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
 'What must I do,' he cries; 'What?' says his lord:
 'Why, rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
 With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
 Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
 Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tired camel's back, }
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.
 Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear,
 'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou sayest, will hear.
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
 A tradesman thou, and hope to go to heaven!'

Resolved for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:
 Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,
 That soft voluptuous prince, called Luxury;
 And he may ask this civil question, 'Friend,
 What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?
 Art thou of Bethlehem's noble college free?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
 Cubbed in a cabin, on a matress laid,
 On a brown George, with lousie swobbers fed,
 Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
 Say, would'st thou bear all this to raise thy store,
 From six i' th' hundred, to six hundred more?
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live:

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.'
 Speak; wilt thou Avarice or Pleasure choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that avarice and luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians¹ observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, luxury and avarice; and accordingly described Catiline as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not

¹ Sallust. 'Alieni appetens, sui profusus.'

forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other. The name of the first was Luxury, and of the second Avarice. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. Avarice was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care, and Watchfulness; he had likewise a privy counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear; the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter, but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were

to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-councillor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

C.

Nº 56. *Friday, May 4, 1711*

[ADDISON.

Felices errore suo— —LUCAN., i. 454.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who in his dissertation upon the load-stone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.¹

¹ Albertus Magnus, a learned Dominican who resigned, for love of study, his bishopric of Ratisbon, died at Cologne in 1280. In

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned,¹ prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased

alchemy a distinction was made between stone and spirit, as between body and soul, substance and accident. The evaporable parts were called, in alchemy, spirit and soul and accident (Morley).

¹ No. 50.

on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther when he observed the thorns and briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on



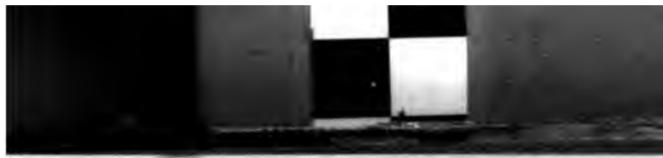
the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented¹ by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils; for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country. But he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon

¹ 'Described' (folio).

an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him, and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disengaged of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton



stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death, and mentions several molten seas of gold in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it. C.

No. 57. *Saturday, May 5, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à sexu?* —Juv., Sat. vii. 31.

WHEN the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliads,¹ discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her

¹ vi. 490.

go to her maids and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweetmeat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shows the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen; who the prettiest snuff-box; with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by 'the fellow with the broad shoulders.'

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not

in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopped it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I

hope, will have some weight with them. In short it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides, that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagances; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a lapdog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. Titus Oates¹ was in all his

¹ Oates was the inventor of the Popish Plot in the reign of Charles II. Addison wished to suggest that the Tory enthusiasm for Dr. Henry Sacheverell, who had been tried in 1710 for preaching the divine right of kings, was as gross a case of party excess as the popularity of Oates.



glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance: we were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves railly, told her that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was.¹ 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts; I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

C.

¹ 'Othello,' iii. 3, 4; iv. 1.

N^o. 58. *Monday, May 7, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Ut pictura poesis erit.—

—HOR. *Ars Poet.* 361.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic¹ bestows upon one who had written a treatise upon the sublime in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my specula-

¹ Longinus's criticism of Cæcilius.



tions is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyricks handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts, of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself. I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek

poets,¹ which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the posy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the posy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble

¹ See the *Anthologia Palatina*, in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græcorum Scriptorum*.

the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.¹

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer: he was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short he stretched them on a rack, and if they were too long chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses, in his 'Mac Fleckno,' which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above-mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

Choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

¹ The 'Syrinx' of Theocritus consists of twenty verses, so arranged that the length of each pair is less than that of the pair

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's¹ poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas.² I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles I. which has the whole book of psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head.³ When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King

before, and the whole resembles the ten reeds of the mouth-organ or pan-pipes ($\sigmaύργξ$). Simmias of Rhodes, who lived about 324 B.C., is said to have been the inventor of shaped verses (Morley).

¹ George Herbert, author of 'The Temple.'

² Joshua Sylvester's dedication to King James the First of his translation of the 'Divine Weeks and Works' of Du Bartas, begins with a sonnet on the royal anagram 'James Stuart; a just Master;' celebrates his Majesty in French and Italian, and then fills six pages with verse built in his Majesty's honour, in the form of bases and capitals of columns, inscribed each with the name of one of the Muses. Puttenham's 'Art of Poetry,' published in 1589, book II. chap. ii., contains the fullest account of the mysteries and varieties of this sort of versification (Morley).

³ This picture is in the library of St. John's College, Oxford.

William, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop ; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture, I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan ; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars ; and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers,¹ that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions. C.

¹ Cowley's *Pindariques* had been followed by similar verses by Dryden, Swift, and others.

N^o. 59. Tuesday, May 8, 1711
ADDISON.

Operose nihil agere.—Sext.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could, and notwithstanding pedants of pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as flash and froth, they all of them show upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the lipogrammatists or letter-droppers¹ of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus²

¹ Lipogrammatic verse dates back to the sixth century, when it was written by the Greek poet Lasus. Lope de Vega wrote five novels, each with one of the vowels excluded from it.

² Tryphiodorus, a Greek grammarian, lived in the fifth century A.D. According to Eustathius, he omitted throughout his Odyssey the letter 'η'; Addison follows the account of Hesychius. The only work by Tryphiodorus which has come down to us is a short epic poem on the taking of Troy (Arnold).

was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called 'Alpha' (as *Lucus a non lucendo*) because there was not an alpha in it. His second book was inscribed 'Beta' for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and showed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssey* of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a rebus, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman

Mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *cicer* in Latin), instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words 'Marcus Tullius' with the figure of a vetch at the end of them to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to show that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard: those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason, it is thought that the forelock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his 'Remains.'¹ Mr. Newberry, to re-

¹ In the chapter on *Rebus*, or name devices.

present his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building looks like a pun in an heroic poem, and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect¹ would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit: but I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice.² The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device,³ and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those

¹ Sir John Vanbrugh was the architect of Blenheim Palace.

² Met., iii. 358. ³ 'Echo,' in the *Colloquia Familiaria*.

learned languages. Hudibras,¹ in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes.

He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret :
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows :
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wretched to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, 'O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my——(Echo, 'Ruin') ?
I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step
For fear.' Quoth Echo, 'Marry guep.'
'Am not I here to take thy part !
Then what has quelled thy stubborn heart ?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled ?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake.' Quoth she, 'Mum budget.'
'Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back ?' Quoth Echo, 'Pish !'
'To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly ?' Quoth Echo, 'Mum.'
'But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy ?

¹ Book I. canto iii. 183.

Or if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail :
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause ?' Quoth she, 'A pudding.'

C.

N^o. 60. *Wednesday, May 9, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Hoc est quod palles ? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est ?
—PER., Sat. iii. 85.

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Aeneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *beaux esprits* of that dark age, who says in his preface to it that the *Aeneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words :—

Tot, tibi, sunt, virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.

Thou hast as many virtues, O virgin, as there are stars in heaven.

The poet rung the changes¹ upon these eight several .

¹ 'Chimes' (folio).

words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands, did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who it seems was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, the anagram of a man.

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not show the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known¹ by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make anything of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into Moll; and after having shut himself up for half-a-year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little

¹ 'Was called' (folio).

vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her surname, for that it was not Boon but Bohun.

Ibi omnis
Effusus labor —

The lover was thunderstruck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were¹ the greater blockhead. The simple acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are compound acrostics, where the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called² a chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words:—

CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS.

¹ ‘Was’ (folio).

² ‘Known by the name of’ (folio).

If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to **MDCXVII**, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The Bouts-Rimés were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*;¹ where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up

¹ The new *Mercure Galant*, by M. Du Fresny de la Rivière, was commenced in June 1710. The earlier periodical of that name was published in 1673 and following years.

by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows:—

.....	Lauriers
.....	Guerriers
.....	Musette
.....	Lisette
.....	Cesars
.....	Etendars
.....	Houlette
.....	Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage¹ talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:—

‘Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place, I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day showed Monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne,

¹ *Menagiana*, vol. i. p. 174, ed. Amst., 1713. The *Menagiana* were published in four volumes, in 1695 and 1696. Gilles Menage died at Paris in 1692, aged seventy-nine. He was a scholar and man of the world, who had a retentive memory, and, says Bayle, ‘could say a thousand good things in a thousand pleasing ways.’ The repertory here quoted from is the best of the numerous collections of ‘ana’ (Morley).

Arne, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, "Because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse." "Marry," says I, "if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at." But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good' (vid. *Menagiana*). Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these Bouts-Rimés made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be anything more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty,¹ and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin,² in a poem entitled *La Défaite des Bouts-Rimés*, 'The Rout of the Bouts-Rimés.'

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little³ to it; and if bad it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it.

¹ 'Double' (folio).

² Jean François Sarasin, whose works were first collected by Menage, and published in 1656, two years after his death. His 'Defeat of the Bouts-Rimés' has for first title *Dulot Vaincu*, is in four cantos, and was written in four or five days (Morley).

³ 'Nothing' (folio).

I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable 'Hudibras,' do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick,

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over,

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem. C.

No. 61. *Thursday, May 10, 1711*
ADDISON.

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

—PERS., Sat. v. 19.

THREE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle in the eleventh chapter of his 'Book of

Rhetoric describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls *paragrams*, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy councillors that had not some time or other signalised themselves by a clinch or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors in their most serious works made frequent use of puns. The Sermons of Bishop Andrewes,¹ and the Tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as

¹ Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626), Bishop of Winchester, was described as an 'angel in the pulpit.' His sermons abound in euphuistic verbal concinnity.

ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paronomasia*, that he sometimes gave in to the *Placè*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university¹ of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world, as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall far short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary

¹ Cambridge.

authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true¹ wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called 'The Witches' Prayer,' that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another,

¹ 'Fine' (folio).

let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*—a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristænetus makes of a fine woman, 'When she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful:' or, as Mercer¹ has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.* C.

¹ Joseph Mercer edited Aristænetus, and supplied a Latin translation.

N^o. 62. Friday, May 11, 1711
[ADDISON.]

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
—HOR., Ars Poet. 309.

M R. LOCKE has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to show the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: ‘And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.’¹

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explana-

¹ ‘Essay concerning Human Understanding,’ Book II. chap. x.

tion, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom anything in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottoes, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion: as there are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance

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and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics; sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words; which for distinction's sake I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has everywhere rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it nowhere but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce anything else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixed wit,

I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words fire and flame are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec.¹ When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burned up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of Vulcan's shop encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of

¹ Alembic.

love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion, and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit, without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject.'¹ If this be a

¹ Dryden's words are: 'The definition of wit . . . is only this: that it is a propriety of thoughts and words; or, in other terms, thoughts



true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was¹ the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours,² whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the groundwork. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse.³ This is that natural way of and words elegantly adapted to the subject' (Preface to 'The State of Innocence'). This he repeats in the preface to 'Albion and Albanus': 'If wit has truly been defined as "a propriety of thoughts and words," then that definition will extend to all sorts of poetry. . . . Propriety of thought is that fancy which arises naturally from the subject, or which the poet adapts to it. Propriety of words is the clothing of these thoughts with such expressions as are naturally proper to them.'

¹ 'Is' (folio).

² Dominique Bouhours, a Jesuit Father, and Professor of the Humanities in Paris, died in 1702. His 'Art of Criticism' was translated into English in 1705.

³ As in the lines—

'Tout doit tendre au Bon Sens : mais pour y parvenir
Le chemin est glissant et penible a tenir.'

Art. Poétique, chant 1.

And again—

'Aux dépens du Bon Sens gardez de plaisanter.'

Art. Poétique, chant 3 (Morley).

writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to *Æneas*, in the following words:¹ 'Ovid (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and *Æneas*) takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him, on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the art of love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as

¹ Translation of the *Æneid*; dedication to Lord Normanby.

that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais¹ for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. (He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalised; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll.² Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens,

¹ Jean Regnauld de Segrais (1624-1701) was known as the Voiture of Caen. Besides poems, a tragedy, and other works, he translated into French verse the *Aeneid* and the *Georgics*, with a prefatory dissertation, from which Addison quotes.

² 'Poll' is here used for 'vote.' A forty-shilling freehold conferred a vote for the county.

to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.'

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke in the passage above mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the resemblance but the opposition of ideas does very often produce wit; as I could show in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

C.

N^o. 63. Saturday, May 12, 1711
[ADDISON.]

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite Pisonis, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cuius, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species—*

—HOR., Ars Poet. 1-8.

IT is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed.

The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory



the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddess of Falsehood, and entitled the Region of False Wit. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergris, and pulvillios¹; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprise I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in everything I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculp-

¹ Bags of perfumed powder. Cf. Gay ('Thy Fan,' i. 131):—

'The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.'

ture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of axes, wings, and eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the acrostics two or three files of chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts pro-

miscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the Deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus the lipogrammatist,¹ engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of rebuses. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like fagots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and an hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen, seeing me very much surprised, told me there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased. I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of crambo.² I heard several double rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole

¹ See No. 59.

² A game in which one person or side has to find a rhyme to a word given by another. Thus (No. 504), 'Those who can play at crambo, or cap verses'; and Congreve ('Love for Love,' I. i.), 'Get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhyming.'

jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a blackamoor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.



I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts; the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from Truth, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like a huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess; and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathised with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods; the fountains

recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact body of figures. The genius of heroic poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt; and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked. C.



N^o. 64. *Monday, May 14, 1711*
[STEELE.]

— *Hic vivimus ambitiosa*
Paupertate omnes — — Juv., Sat. iii. 183.

THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common sense: but at present I shall confine my consideration of the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions, by a dress suited to their condition. This, therefore, was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress, to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This

fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who in the language of all nations are styled brothers to each other, and put on the purple upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions: he deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, not on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the King of Spain, he turned it for the King of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the emperor.¹ He is a good economist in his

¹ Charles II. of Spain died in 1700; John V., King of Portugal, in 1706; and the Emperor Joseph I. on April 17, 1711.

extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-grey suit for any potentate of small territories ; he indeed adds his crape hatband for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only. He would think it of moment enough to direct that in the notification of his departure the honour to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months together, to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a newspaper with this reflection, 'Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health.' If you asked, 'Pray, sir, what says the *Postman* from Vienna?' he answered, 'Make us thankful, the German princes are all well.' 'What does he say from Barcelona?' 'He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new Queen.' After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbons. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, 'That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time above mentioned.' It happens in

all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expenses (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion, loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has lost of her family, and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for, how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, that we have lost one of the House of Austria? Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays that veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow though in the full possession of triumph and royalty.

R.

N^o. 65. *Tuesday, May 15, 1711.*
[STEELE.]

—*Demetri teque Tigelli*
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

—HOR., 1 Sat. x. 90.

AFTER having at large explained what wit is, and described the false appearances of it,¹ all that labour seems but an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the play-house; I shall therefore fill this paper with reflections upon the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a Spectator, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation. But I shall always make reason, truth, and nature the measures of praise and dispraise; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

In reflecting upon these works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is

¹ Nos. 58-63.

most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir Fopling Flutter.¹ The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. Dorimant and Harriot are the characters of greatest consequence, and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take for granted that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs and a clown in his language. Bellair is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady, whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to Mrs. Loveit, and the barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him, is another instance of his honesty, as well as his good nature. As to his fine language, he calls the orange-woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow fat, 'an overgrown jade, with a flasket of guts before her;' and salutes her with a pretty phrase of, 'How now, double tripe!' Upon the mention of a country gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of (no one can imagine why), he 'will lay his life she is some awkward, ill-fashioned country toad, who not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a

¹ Etherege's 'Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter,' was produced in 1676. See No. 75. It is said that the original of Sir Fopling was Beau Hewit, son of Sir Thomas Hewit, Bart., of Pishiobury, Herts; that Bellair is Etherege himself; and that Dorimant represents the Earl of Rochester.



large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the forefront of the king's box at an old play.' Unnatural mixture of senseless commonplace!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, 'If he did not wait better——' he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of 'I'll uncase you.'

Now for Mrs. Harriot: she laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy describes to be very exquisite, for 'that she is so pleased with finding Harriot again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way.' This witty daughter and fine lady has so little respect for this good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, 'In what struggle is my poor mother yonder? See, see! her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under lip trembling.' But all this is atoned for, because 'she has more wit than is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as you would wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising!' Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingeniously. 'I think,' says she, 'I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in an husband.' It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied but that the negligence of everything which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind appears very well drawn in this piece; but it is denied that it is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman that

he should in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of Dorimant, it is more of a coxcomb than that of Fopling. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares their being much together 'makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.'

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the shoemaker to be, in reality, the fine gentleman of the play; for it seems he is an atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man who is Dorimant's companion, 'There is not such another heathen in the town, except the shoemaker.' His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. 'There is,' says he, 'never a man in town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do; I never mind her motions; she never inquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.' That of 'soaking together' is as good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself; and I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a staunch unbeliever,

he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plainly of this whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy.¹ R.

N^o. 66. *Wednesday, May 16, 1711*
 [STEELE.]

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
 Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus
 Jam nunc, et incestos amores
 De tenero meditatur ungui.*

—HOR., 3 Od. vi. 21.

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity:—

‘ *To the SPECTATOR.*

‘ SIR,

‘ I TAKE the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can’t imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage*

¹ In an epilogue appended to Leonard Welsted’s ‘Prologue to the Town,’ 1721, Steele deplored the fact that Etherege’s

mentioned in one of your papers.¹ Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than anybody. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk than she was to go at a year old. By walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easy motion which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew

‘Man of Mode’ was preferred to Shakespeare’s ‘Measure for Measure’ :—

‘Loveit unpitied mourns, unpitied wooes ;
Still Dorimant triumphant guilt pursues ;
You’ve lost the sense of giving virgins aid,
’Tis comedy to you, an injured maid :
The perjured Dorimant the beaux admire,
Gay, perjured Dorimant, the belles desire.’

In 1722, when Steele’s ‘Conscious Lovers’ was about to be produced, Dennis published a pamphlet, ‘A Defence of Sir Foppiling Flutter, a Comedy written by Sir George Etherege . . . By which it appears that the latter Knight [Steele] knows nothing of the nature of Comedy.’

¹ No. 28.



how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

‘They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement: which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage; for I will make it no secret to you that her person and education are to be her fortune.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
CELIMENE.’

‘SIR,
‘BEING employed by Celimene to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled: therefore pray, Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called fine breeding; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called good breeding.

‘Your most humble Servant.’¹

The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons and neglect their minds; in our sons, we are so intent upon adorning their minds that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town; when her

¹ These two letters were written by John Hughes.

elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this because I have several letters which complain to me that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writings. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of anything in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master; and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having an husband if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for anything for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that is all their cost, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me when I think of giving my advice on the subject

of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition¹ of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and good will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is to make the mind and body improve together; and if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.

R.

N^o. 67. *Thursday, May 17, 1711*
[BUDGELL.²]

Saltare eleganter quam necesse est probæ.

—SALLUST.

UCIAN, in one of his dialogues,³ introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of dancing and a frequenter of balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by

¹ Instruction.

² This is the first of the papers by Addison's cousin, Eustace Budgell.

³ Dialogue 'Of Dancing,' given in vol. iii. of a translation of Lucian's works 'by several eminent hands,' which was published in 1711.

the goddess Rhea, and preserved the life of Jupiter himself from the cruelty of his father Saturn. He proceeds to show, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that Homer calls Merion a fine dancer; and says, that the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies, both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds, that Pyrrhus gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions: that the Lacedemonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their hormus (a dance much resembling the French brawl) famous over all Asia: that there were still extant some Thessalian statues erected to the honour of their best dancers: and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, Homer and Hesiod; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together; and says, that the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing.

Lastly, he puts him in mind that Socrates (who, in the judgment of Apollo, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and, I think, I have sufficiently showed

that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations, to take notice of the following letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change':—

'SIR,

'I AM a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of Monsieur Rigadoon,¹ a dancing-master in the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, sir, that having never been at any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French dancing. There were several young men and women, whose limbs seemed to have no other motion, but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call country dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men, for the instruction of youth.

'Among the rest I observed one, which, I think, they call Hunt the Squirrel, in which while the woman flies the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

'The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

¹ The rigadoon was a lively dance for one couple, popular in the seventeenth century.

‘But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions, so, sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by, and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called setting, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of back-to-back. At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called Mol. Pately, and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw further above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these enormities, wherefore just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

‘Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure that had you been with me you would have seen matter of great speculation. I am,

Yours, &c.’

I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those kissing dances in which Will Honey-

comb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able however to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. Cowley's opinion,¹ that so much of dancing, at least, as belongs to the behaviour and an handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards. For this reason, a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good breeding gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to regulate these matters; though I take it to be a just observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop, than of a well-bred man.

As for country dancing, it must indeed be confessed, that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences; and I have often thought

¹ 'A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy,' 1661.

that few ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

POSTSCRIPT

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next;¹ and concluding, from the following letter, that the person who collected them is a man of no unelegant taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement.

From the THREE CHAIRS in the PIAZZA, COVENT GARDEN

'SIR,

May 16, 1711.

'AS you are Spectator, I think we who make it our business to exhibit anything to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approba-

¹ An advertisement in the original issue announced a sale by auction on the 18th May, at the Three Chairs (the corner house of the Little Piazza), of 'a curious collection of Italian Paintings,' lately brought from beyond sea, by Giacomo and Leandro Bassan, Tintoret, Claude Lorain, Salvator Rosa, &c. ; as also by Reubens and Vandyck, Holbein, Teniers, &c.



tion. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a Spectator as a treat to another person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation from,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
J. GRAHAM.'

N^o. 68. *Friday, May 18, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Nos duo turba sumus —

—OVID, Met. i. 355.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and

grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully¹ was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon² has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, 'fruits of friendship'; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher. I mean the little apocryphal treatise entitled 'The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.' How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour? and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, that we should have many well-wishers, but few friends. 'Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings.'

¹ Cicero, *De Amicitia*, cap. 6.

² *Essay on Friendship*.



Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.¹ With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend? 'If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him. For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife will discover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.'² What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse: 'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also.'³ I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more

¹ Ecclesiasticus vii. 5, 6.

² Ibid. vi. 7, *seq.*

³ Ibid. 15-18.

than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer, 'Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him. A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.'¹ With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? 'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.'² We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou betrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the

¹ Ecclesiasticus ix. 10.

² Ibid. ix. 20-22.



love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope.'¹

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal. To these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it,² *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out until after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:—

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.³

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a

¹ Ecclesiasticus xxvii. 16, seq. ² *De Amicitia*. ³ Epig. xlvi. 12.

friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

C.

N^o. 69. Saturday, May 19, 1711
[ADDISON.]

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fætus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus.
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fædera certis
Imposuit natura locis—*

—VIR., Georg. i. 54.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange.¹ It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High 'Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they

¹ The second Royal Exchange, built after the Great Fire from designs by Edward Jarman, was burnt down in 1838.

negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times, or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher,¹ who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo;² but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public

¹ Diogenes (Lucian's *βίων πρᾶσις*).

² See No. 1.

solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock ; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbados ; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane ; the Philippic Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share ! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other

delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no further advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab; that our¹ melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalised in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens, the Spice Islands our hotbeds, the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

¹ 'That these fruits, in their present state, as well as our' (folio).

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahomedans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy,¹ and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

C.

¹ There were nineteen statues of English kings in niches in the old Royal Exchange; most of them were carved by Caius Gabriel Cibber.



Nº 70. *Monday, May 21, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

—HOR., I Ep. ii. 63.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Molière, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who¹ was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney corner; and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fireside: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton,

¹ ‘To a little old woman that’ (folio).

so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley: so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of 'Chevy Chase'¹ is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney in his 'Discourse of Poetry'² speaks of it in the following words: 'I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved

¹ Both the ancient and the more modern ballads of 'Chevy Chase' are given in Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' The version quoted by Addison is not that of which Sidney spoke, but a more modern version, written probably after Sidney's death. The ballad is quite unhistorical, and there seems to have been some confusion in the author's mind with the Battle of Otterburn, fought in 1388. It has been suggested, though apparently without ground, that the ballad refers to a battle at Pepperden, near the Cheviot Hills, fought in 1436 between the Earl of Northumberland and Earl William Douglas of Angus. The original ballad seems to have been written in the first half of the fifteenth century, and probably the author designedly used incidents relating to various fights in order to form a stirring tale.

Addison's praise of 'Chevy Chase' surprised eighteenth-century critics, and brought upon him the ridicule of John Dennis and the author of the 'Comment upon the History of Tom Thumb,' a piece afterwards included in the volume known as the 'Miscellaneous Works of Dr. William Wagstaffe.' Dr. Johnson found in the poem only 'chill and lifeless imbecility.'

² 'Defence of Poesy.'

than with a trumpet; and yet is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparell'd in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords.¹ At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the

¹ This theory is based on an anachronism, as Homer's poem was written several centuries before the founding of the Persian empire.

families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country. Thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece and the wars of Thebes for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five; all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

‘Oh heavy news,’ King James did say ;
‘Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.’

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

‘Now God be with him,’ said our king :
‘Sith ’twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

‘Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revengèd on them all
For brave Lord Piercy’s sake.’

This vow full well the king performed
After on Humble Down;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die, &c.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. ‘One of us two,’ says he, ‘must die; I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat. However,’ says

be, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.'

' Ere thus I will out-brav'd be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, as earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.'

' But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.'

' Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.
' Accurst be he,' Lord Piercy said,
' By whom this is denied.'

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls, and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
' Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall.'

Merry men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of

' 'By a single combat' (folio).

Virgil's *Aeneids*¹ is very much to be admired, where Camilla in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, &c.

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes ;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain :
' Acca, 'tis past ! He swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death, and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed :
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve.
Farewell—'

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner ; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse :—

Lord Piercy sees my fall.

—Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre²

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate ; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Then leaving life Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, ' Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

¹ Lines 820, *seq.*

² *AEn.* xii. 936.

“Circe. My very next doom bodes
What serves for thy spite:
For such a more renowned tragic
Mischance did never rise.”

That beautiful line, ‘Taking the dead man by the hand,’ will put the reader in mind of Aeneas’s behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

He vero se riconse videt mortuam, &c ora,
Ora secunda Achilliades, gaudentia mira:
Iugurta, miserata graviter, dextramque tenet, &c.:

The poor prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He grieved, he wept; then grasped his hand and said,
‘Poor hapless youth! What praises can be paid
To worth so great—’

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.² C.

N^o. 71. *Tuesday, May 22, 1711*

[STEELE.]

—*Scribere jussit amor.*

—OVID, Epis. iv. 10.

THE entire conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the pleasure of our life; and that is, refining our passions to a greater elegance than we receive them from nature. When the passion is love, this work is performed in innocent, though

¹ *Am. xii. 822.*

² See No. 74.

rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This cause and effect are beautifully described by Mr. Dryden in the fable of 'Cymon and Iphigenia.' After he has represented Cymon so stupid, that

He whistled as he went, for want of thought,
he makes him fall into the following scene, and shows its influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful :—

It happened on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood shade he took his way ;
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before and half behind his back.
He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
The deep recesses of the grove he gained ;
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood ;
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid,
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well expressed,
Not more distinguished by her purple vest
Than by the charming features of her face,
And even in slumber a superior grace :
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar ;
Her bosom to the view was only bare.¹

¹ Steele here omits a couplet—

‘ Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified.’

The fuming wind spake her burning blare,
To meet the fuming wind the burning rose:
The fuming wind and perling streams continue her rage.

The fiend of nature stood with stony eyes
And gaping mouth, that reached surpise,
Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,
Now as he was to love, and novice in delight.
Long more he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an iron laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and scared offence;
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent and his country tone.

But lest this fine description should be excepted against, as the creation of that great master Mr. Dryden, and not an account of what has really ever happened in the world, I shall give you, verbatim, the epistle of an enamoured footman in the country to his mistress.¹ Their surnames shall not be inserted, because their passion demands a greater respect than is due to their quality. James is servant in a great family, and Elizabeth waits upon the daughter of one as numerous, some miles off of her lover. James, before he beheld Betty, was vain of his strength, a rough wrestler, and quarrelsome cudgel-player; Betty a public dancer at maypoles, a romp at stool-ball: he always following idle women, she playing among the peasants: he a country bully, she a country coquette. But love

¹ James Hirst, a servant to the Hon. Edward Wortley (who was a close friend of Addison's and Steele's), by mistake gave to his master, with a parcel of letters, one that he had himself written to his sweetheart. Mr. Wortley opened it, read it, and would not return it. 'No, James,' he said, 'you shall be a great man. This letter must appear in the *Spectator*.' Betty died when on the point of marriage to James, and James, out of love to her, married her sister. He died at Pennistone, near Leeds.



has made her constantly in her mistress's chamber, where the young lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making Betty talk of James; and James is become a constant waiter near his master's apartment, in reading, as well as he can, romances. I cannot learn who Molly is, who it seems walked ten miles to carry the angry message which gave occasion to what follows.

'To ELIZABETH —

'MY DEAR BETTY,

May 14, 1711.

REMEMBER your bleeding lover, who lies bleeding at the wounds Cupid made with the arrows he borrowed at the eyes of Venus, which is your sweet person.

' Nay more, with the token you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person, which was your base respects to my ill conditions, when alas! there is no ill conditions in me, but quite contrary; all love and purity, especially to your sweet person; but all this I take as a jest.

' But the sad and dismal news which Molly brought me, struck me to the heart, which was, it seems, and is your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

' For she told me, if I came forty times to you, you would not speak with me, which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

' Now, my dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast;

the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my heart.

‘For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the beauties I ever saw in all my life.

‘The young gentleman, and my master’s daughter, the Londoner that is come down to marry her, sat in the arbour most part of last night. Oh! dear Betty, must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, my dear Betty, that we could meet this night where we used to do in the wood!

‘Now, my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the happiness of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I could write all day; but the time being short, and paper little, no more from your never-failing lover till death.

JAMES ——’

Poor James! Since his time and paper were so short, I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of his kind letter (the style of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

‘DEAR CREATURE,

‘CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than Venus does in the most beautiful description that was ever made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation that

I do not love you: but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the certainty given me in your message by Molly, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things, and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady, and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion-sake they courted those solitudes, because they had heard lovers do so. O Betty! could I hear these rivulets murmur, and birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is anything on earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself.

JAMES.'

N.B.—By the words ill conditions, James means, in a woman coquetry, in a man inconstancy. R.

N^o. 72. *Wednesday, May 23, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.*

—VIRG., Georg. iv. 208.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I

have lately received information of a club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account:—

‘THE Everlasting Club consists of an hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another;¹ no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening’s draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

‘It is a maxim in this club that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table till his

¹ ‘The other’ (folio).

successor is in a readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

‘This club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the Great Fire,¹ which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to stop the fire); and would not leave the chair at last until he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.’

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general that since

¹ The Fire of London, 1666.

their first institution they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer: there has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's Club,¹ which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*), as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October² as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it), turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

¹ See No. 9.

² See No. 9.



There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old firemaker or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members. C.

N^o. 73. *Thursday, May 24, 1711*
[ADDISON.]

—*O Dea certè!*—VIRG., Æn. i. 332.

IT is very strange to consider that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame; that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But, notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities; the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he

abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But, however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged, since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing anything which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero,¹ that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of women; as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those

¹ *Tusc. Quest.*, lib. v. § 243.

by which men grow famous and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in everything that is laudable, so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom, for certain reasons which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of idols. An idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The playhouse is very frequently filled with idols ; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the Ring,¹ and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power ; joys of heaven and pains of hell are at their disposal ; paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer ; sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy ; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head that Ovid's book of the 'Art of Love' is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these

¹ See No. 15.

different kinds of idols, as Milton's was to number
those that were known in Caesar and the lands ad-
joining. Most of them are worshipped like Moloch,
in fire and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to
see their victims cut and skinned, and shedding their
blood for them. Some of them, like the idol in the
Aeneas, take their treats and collations prepared
for them every night. It has indeed been known
that some of them have been used by their interested
worshippers like the Chinese idols, who are whipped
and scourged when they refuse to comply with the
prayers that are offered to them.

I meant here observe, that those idolaters who
devote themselves to the idols I am here speak-
ing of, differ very much from all other kinds of
idolaters. For as others fall out because they wor-
ship different idols, these idolaters quarrel because
they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the idol is quite con-
trary to the wishes of the idolater; as the one
desires to confine the idol to himself, the whole
business and ambition of the other is to multiply
adherers. This humour of an idol is prettily de-
scribed in a tale of Chaucer.² He represents one
of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries
about her, who are all of them courting her favour,
and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one,
drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot
which was under the table. 'Now which of these
three,' says the old bard, 'do you think was the
favourite?' 'In troth,' says he, 'not one of all
the three.'

The behaviour of this old idol in Chaucer puts
me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the

¹ 'Paradise Lost,' i. 374.

² 'The Remedy of Love.'

greatest idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light in the midst of a large congregation generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the same canonical hour that day sevennight.

An idol may be undified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your idol. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering, therefore, that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the idol, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired: in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion,

but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

C.

No. 74. Friday, May 25, 1711.

[ADDISON.]

—*Pendent opera interrupta*—

—VIRG., *AEn.* iv. 88.

IN my last Monday's paper¹ I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of 'Chevy Chase'; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and show that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets. For which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Aeneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general, by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please

¹ No. 70.

those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous;¹ at least, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza—

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day?

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished² in future battles which took their rise³ from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets—

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

—Hor.⁴

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas:—

¹ 'Very sonorous' (folio). ² 'Should perish' (folio).
³ 'Which should arise' (folio). ⁴ 1 Od. ii. 23.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer's days to take,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
 The nimble deer to take,
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

[*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
 Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum :
 Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.¹*]

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright ;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 All marching in our sight.

All men of pleasant Tividale,
 Fast by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil :—

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
 Protendunt longe dextris ; et spicula vibrant :
 Quique altum Preneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
 Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis*

¹ Virg. Georg. iii. 43.

Hernica saxa colunt : qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ :
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt—¹

But to proceed :—

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

[*Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen, &c.*
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus—]

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley—

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
*Incustum quâ pulsa manu—*²

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The

¹ *Æn.*, xi. 605 ; vii. 682, 712.

² *Æn.*, xii. 918.

thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or in Virgil.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain ;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrell, that from the field
One foot would never fly :

Sir Charles Murrell of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he,
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description ; for this reason I do

not mention this part of the poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil:—

Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est—¹

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularised very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle;² though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in 'Hudibras'³) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.'

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus—⁴

¹ *AEn.*, ii. 426.

² The remainder of this paragraph was added when the *Spectator* was reprinted in volumes.

³ 'Hudibras,' Part I. Book iii. 97. The bear fought on desperately—

‘As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.’

⁴ *AEn.*, xii. 229.

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood
They bore with them away ;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble ; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations ; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil. C.



N^o. 75. *Saturday, May 26, 1711*
[STEELE.]

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

—HOR., i Epis. xvii. 23.

IT was with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers,¹ Dorimant a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry. She is full of motion, jaunty and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the ignorant, for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of 'Sir Fopling' in her hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as Dorimant now living, she began with a theatrical tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches. 'Tis she, that lovely hair, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend Bellair.

“ In love the victors from the vanquished fly ;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.”

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately and speaks :—

“ And you and Love it to her cost shall find,
I fathom all the depths of womankind.”

¹ No. 65.

‘Oh the fine gentleman! But here,’ continues she, ‘is the passage I admire most, where he begins to tease Loveit, and mimic Sir Fopling. Oh the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms!’

“I, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.”

‘Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that—

“The wife will find a difference in our fate;
You wed a woman, I a good estate.”

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is, but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some attention, the false impressions the generality (the fair sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a fine gentleman; and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it, that he called the orange wench Double Tripe: I

should have showed that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of humankind reproach for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose: the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen, than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that Vocifer passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such or such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to anything that is of itself sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say it is a pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and gentlemanlike ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties; but sees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning everything that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus

with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him does not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humour and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else He on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R.

N^o. 76. *Monday, May 28, 1711*
[STEELE.]

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.
—HOR., I Epis. viii. 17.

THREE is nothing so common as to find a man whom in the general observation of his carriage you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you at first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such manner as

to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence of this leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are 'Memoirs of the Private Life of Pharamond of France.'¹ 'Pharamond,' says my author, 'was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him (which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself); he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation but among equals, and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bedchamber; he would in these excursions get acquainted with men (whose temper he had a mind

¹ M. de la Calprenède's romance of 'Pharamond' was published in 1661, and was translated into English by John Phillips in 1677.

to try) and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his First Minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great, and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures.' My author in these loose hints has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of Pharamond. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpose. In discourse with him one day, he gave him opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner: 'Sir, you have twice what you desired by the favour of Pharamond; but look to it that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine, and to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not,' concluded the prince, smiling; 'but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition, for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.'

His majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man and a great and powerful monarch. He gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant, for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humor-

ously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own looks, words, and actions had their interpretations; and his friend Monsieur Eucrate (for so he was called) having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight, when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintances. He was come to that knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some tempers by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye and half a smile, make two fellows who hated embrace and fall upon each other's neck with as much eagerness as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good humour he would lay the scene with Eucrate, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by Pharamond; and the lover conceive higher hopes than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court where men speak affection in the strongest terms and



dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case and increased on the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem. Pharamond in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind used to say, as he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him a hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel. He would carry it so far as to say it should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves as they are out or in the good graces of a court.

A monarch who had wit and humour like Pharamond must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport; he made a noble and generous use of his observations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom. By this means the king appeared in every officer of state, and no man had a participation of the power who had not a similitude of the virtue of Pharamond.¹ R.

¹ Further references to Pharamond will be found in Nos. 84 and 97.

N^o. 77. *Tuesday, May 29, 1711*
[BUDGELL.]

*Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.*

MART., Epig. i. 87.

MY friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call a *reveur* and a *distract*. A little before our club-time last night we were walking together in Somerset Garden, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great surprise, I saw him squirt¹ away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks put up the pebble he had before found in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a further speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design when I considered that they were very often blemishes in

¹ Throw with a jerk.



the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines: ¹—

Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

My reader does, I hope, perceive that I distinguish a man who is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all: the latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons: Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, 'tis an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, 'tis far from being impossible

¹ 'Absalom and Achitophel,' 163. The first line should be 'Great wits are sure to madness near allied.' The Latin proverb is in Seneca's *De Tranquillitate Animi*, cap. 15: 'Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.'

that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of anything. I can at present observe those starts of good sense and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at 'Hamlet' or 'Othello.' I always make one of the company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereas Will Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying an hundred things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal à propos* and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to go into a coffee-house, where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that, keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus: 'Why, now, there's my friend' (mentioning me by name); 'he is a fellow that

thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about 'Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish Plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I had lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyère has given us the character of an absent man, with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

'Menalcas (says that excellent author¹) comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his nightcap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks his wig is caught up by one

¹ *Caractères*, chap. xi. 'de l'homme.' La Bruyère's Menalque was identified with a M. de Brancas, brother of the Duc de Villars. The adventure of the wig is said really to have happened to him at a reception by the queen-mother. He was said also on his wedding-day to have forgotten that he had been married. He went abroad as usual, and only remembered the ceremony of the morning upon finding the changed state of his household when, as usual, he came home in the evening (Morley).

of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court-gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in; Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

‘When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; ‘tis his turn to throw, he has the box in one hand and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the super-scripture: a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: “I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.” His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, “My lord, I received your grace’s commands with an entire submission to . . .” If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread con-

tinually multiplying round his plate: 'tis true, the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in an hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner; and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for everything that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth on't is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor anything else. He came once from his country house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded: they held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desire to know the particulars. "Ask my servants," says Menalcas, "for they were with me."

X.

N^o. 78. *Wednesday, May 30, 1711*
[STEELE.]

Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!

THE following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the

sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing it at the front of my paper; to show the author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

‘SIR,

‘I SEND you the enclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your *Spectators*; in which so surprising a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a paper which will always live.

‘As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have before sent you.

‘Go on, sir, and prosper. You have the best wishes of,

SIR,

Your very affectionate and
obliged humble Servant.’¹

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

CAMBRIDGE.

‘YOU well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it be done in the proper season; on which account this is to assure you that the Club of Ugly Faces² was instituted originally at Cambridge, in the merry reign of K—g Ch—les II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club, so I remember it was then feared, upon

¹ This letter is believed to be by Laurence Eusden. See No. 54.

² See Nos. 17, 32.

their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to Clare Hall (the ugliest then in the town, though now the neatest) would not be large enough handsomely to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted, them without much difficulty. One pleaded that, being at London in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. He had certainly been excused, but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a pickpocket who, during his kissing her, stole away all his money. Another would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but it was proved upon him, that he had by coming into a room made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. A third alleged that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the university; but upon inquiry it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye, and the other was very much upon the decline. A fourth produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately fallen in love with him, with a good fortune: but it was made appear that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman; so that 'twas supposed that her pretence of falling in love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, insomuch that some made as much interest to be excused, as they would from serving sheriff; however, at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed; and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in venison season. A pleasant Fellow of King's College (commonly called

Crab from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to sit in the elbow-chair by way of president, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority there. This affair made so great a noise that the k—g, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say he could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks.

‘I would desire you, sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled in so important a point: for, when the wise man who shall write your true history shall acquaint the world that you had a diploma sent from the Ugly Club at Oxford, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it; what a learned war will there be among future critics about the original of that club, which both universities will contend so warmly for? and perhaps some hardy Cantabrigian author may then boldly affirm, that the word Oxford was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of Cambridge. This affair will be best adjusted in your lifetime; but I hope your affection to your mother will not make you partial to your aunt.

‘To tell you, sir, my own opinion: though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the Society of the Ugly Faces, considered in a public capacity; yet in a private one they have certainly antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the Loungers, and the Loungers are of the same standing with the university itself.

‘Though we well know, sir, you want no motives to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you,

that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole university.'

'To Mr. SPECTATOR.

'*The Humble Petition of Who and Which,*

'Sheweth,

'**T**HAT your poor petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who has not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even you yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint.¹ We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat That supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, "That *that* noble L—d urged"? which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, "That *which* that noble L—d urged." Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred That to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very Acts of Parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to everybody, word, and thing, we find ourselves often

¹ 'That' in the folio issue was frequently altered to 'who' or 'which' when the *Spectator* was reprinted in volumes.

either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught they learn to misuse us: "Our Father *Which* art in heaven," should be, "Our Father *Who* art in heaven"; and even a Convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say: "Spare thou them, O God, *Which* confess their faults"; which ought to be, "*Who* confess their faults." What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges?

'The Spanish proverb says, *Il sabio muda concio, il necio no*—i.e. "A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will." So that we think you, sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts¹ and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our council, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause. Besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

R.

And your Petitioners, &c.'

¹ Cf. 'Othello,' v. 2—

'Here is my journey's end; here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.'

N^o. 79. Thursday, May 31, 1711.
[STEELE.]

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

—HOR., 1 Ep. xvi. 52.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things, in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation. All that I contend for is, that those excellences which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interests of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible fine women may be mistaken.

The following address seems to have no other design in it, but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me:—

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence; but, at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune, and am of quality, I am unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which (whatever, musty sir, you may think of the matter) I design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting, and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

M. T.

‘My lover does not know I like him, therefore, having no engagements upon me, I think to stay, and know whether I may not like any one else better.’

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, ‘A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript.’ I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I’ll lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as control any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight that coxcombs so frequently

succeed with women, and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her (as innocence itself), though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women, as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudosia! Eudosia has all the arts of life and good breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like an instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkward. That which was at first the effect of instruction, is grown into an habit; and it would be as hard for Eudosia to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to Flavia, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming Mistress Hecatissa, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind:—

‘Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I WRITE this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library of which you promised us a catalogue.¹

¹ See No. 37.

I hope, sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will have a particular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of warmth (that might as well be raised by a glass of wine, or a dram of citron), they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beautous Philauthia, who is (in your language) an idol¹, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty furnished closet, to which she retires at her appointed hours: this is her dressing-room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass, and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

Together lie her prayer-book and paint,
At once t' improve the sinner and the saint.

‘It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this idol by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It cannot but be a pleasant conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world, and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions, I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life; when at the same time they betray their fondness for

¹ See No. 73.

them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a mechanical religion, entirely distinct from morality. I know a lady so given up to this sort of devotion that though she employs six or eight hours of the twenty-four at cards, she never misses one constant hour of prayer, for which time another holds her cards, to which she returns with no little anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All these acts are but empty shows, and, as it were, compliments made to virtue; the mind is all the while untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many people call themselves virtuous, from no other pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is Dulcianara is the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature, but that (as her silly phrase is) no one can say black is her eye. She has no secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unseasonably imperious to all her family. Dear sir, be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a mind truly virtuous the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This, and other things, are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex, among the rest by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, B. D.'

N^o. 80. Friday, June 1, 1711

STEELE

Celum ann eximia nescit qui cives mere certe.

—HOR. I Ep. 11. 2.

IN the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call Brunetta, the other Phillis.¹ A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world: they played, dressed babies,² acted visitings,

¹ Mr. Darnell Davis has shown ('The Spectator Essays relating to the West Indies,' 1885, p. 10) that this story is based upon fact. In the British Museum (Sloane MS. 2302, ff. 13-16) is a letter, dated Port Royal, Nov. 12, 1712, from Captain Waldock, then living in that island, to James Pettiver, F.R.S., apothecary to the Charterhouse—Steele's old school—which Steele has evidently seen. Waldock writes: 'There are two gentlewomen in this island of the best rank, that have ever endeavoured to outvie one the other, as well in housekeeping as in housewifery, and above all in making a figure in this little world. One of these ladies bought her a charming manto and petticoat of brocade silk, the richest that ever came to this island. This she appeared at a ball in, where the other lady was, with such a port and air that increased envy in the other lady. The emulator went all over the town and to every shop to furnish herself with as good a silk, but the country could not afford such another, or come anything near it; but this lady learning where the other lady bought her silk, went there, where there was a remnant left of some yards, which she bought, with the same trimming that the other lady had, and with this she privately made a petticoat for her negro woman that waited on her, and contrived an entertainment for the other lady to appear at in all her glory, where she likewise came, waited upon by her negro woman with this petticoat on, which when the other lady saw she fell into a fit, went home and unrobed herself, and has appeared in Norfolk stuff ever since.'

² Dolls. Cf. *Tatler*, No. 95: 'The pleasure I used to take in . . . asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby.'

learned to dance and make curtseys, together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs. Phillis had an head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were in their stature, countenance, and mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that in detraction from each other neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their colours failed

at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violence, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expense which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like Queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened that Phillis one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American in a *Summer Island*¹ suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phillis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that showed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phillis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbados. Brunetta had the ill nature to inquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and car-

¹ Strictly speaking, the *Summer Islands* is another name for the Bermudas. Here the phrase appears to mean only West Indian.



ried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened that a ship put into the island consigned to a friend of Phillis, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel before Brunetta could be alarmed¹ of their arrival. He did so, and Phillis was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery² of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who by an interest in the wife of Phillis' merchant procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phillis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta; Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua,³ at-

¹ Notified, informed.

² Display, magnificence.

³ The mantua or manteau was a loose gown. Gay ('Trivia,' i. 100) says—

'And a long trailing manteau sweeps the ground.'

Swift made a clever pun on this word (Delany's 'Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks, &c.,' 212-3): 'Being in a company where a lady, whisking about her long train (long trains were then in fashion), swept down a fine fiddle and broke it, Swift cried out, "Mantua ve misere nimium vicina Cremonæ"' (Dobson).

tended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phillis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company; upon which the unhappy Phillis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation:—

‘ *To Mr. SPECTATOR.*

‘ *The Just Remonstrance of affronted THAT.*

‘ **T**HOUGH I deny not the petition of Mr. Who and Which,¹ yet you should not suffer them to be rude and to call honest people names, for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the Senate and at the Bar; but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

“ ‘ “My lords,” says he, with humble submission, “ That that I say is this: that, that that gentleman has advanced is not that that he should have

¹ See No. 78.



proved to your lordships." Let these two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their Whos and their Whiches.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his "Indian Emperor,"

You force me still to answer you in That,

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat?¹ And what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his "Egad and all that"!² How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another without saying "This here," or "That there"? And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others), make a discourse of any tolerable length without "That is;" and if he be a very grave man indeed, without "That is to say"? And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, "Such things as that," and "The like of that."

'I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides That; but I scorn as much to supply the place

¹ It is in 'Aureng-Zebe,' not 'The Indian Emperor,' that Morat appears. *Aureng-Zebe* says to Indamora (Act iv. sc. 1) :—

'Are you so lost to shame!
Morat, Morat, Morat! You love the name
So well, your every question ends in that;
You force me still to answer you, Morat.'

² Thus, in Act i. of 'The Rehearsal,' Bayes says: 'A sort of envious persons that . . . think to build their fame by calumniating of persons that, egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—a—In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.'

of a Who or a Which at every turn, as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: That, that I shall only add is, that I am,

Yours,

R.

THAT.¹

¹ Another petition from 'That,' with a letter from 'What,' will be found in Lillie's 'Original and Genuine Letters sent to the *Telegraph* and *Spectator*,' i. 308-311.

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